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Chronicle

The War.—On the western front the week has been one of comparative calm, although the British have captured Eaucourt-l'Abbaye and le Sars, and the French line between Morval and Bouchavesnes

Bulletin, Oct. 3, a.m. has been advanced a short distance
—Oct. 9, p.m.

in the direction of Sailly. In the Trentino, northwest of Trent, the Italians have captured one of the peaks of the Cima Busa Alta, at the head of the Vanoi Cison Valley. In the Monastir district the Bulgarians have retreated before the Serbians about five miles on a front of about twenty miles, having lost Kenali and the Kaimakcalan height. The Serbians are now about seven miles south of Monastir. The British have occupied five villages on the east bank of the Struma, north of Lake Tahinos, and have thus advanced a short distance on a ten-mile front toward Seres. The French have captured German, a town on Lake Presba. In Volhynia and Galicia, in spite of fierce fighting, the battle-line remains practically unchanged.

Transylvania has been the scene of principal interest during the week. After several minor losses near Parajd and west of the Homorod River, the Central Powers took the offensive and not only recovered the ground they had lost in the former district, but defeated the Rumanians all along the line that ran from Koehalom to Fogaras. As a consequence the Rumanians retreated east across the Homorod River and later across the Aluta River, and evacuated Szekely Udvarhely, Kronstadt and Fogaras. Further west the Rumanians are fighting at Caineni, south of the Rothenthurm Pass, but still further west they have lost the frontier town of Sigleu.

For several days Bulgaria seemed to be threatened by an invasion from Rumania. Troops of the latter country crossed the Danube at Rahovo, between Rustchuk and Tutrukan, but the attack proved to be a demonstration rather than a movement of serious magnitude. The Rumanians soon withdrew to the north bank of the Danube. The situation in Dobrudja has undergone no serious modification.

Germany has begun submarine operations off the American coast. Six ships have been sunk near the Nantucket lightship, but in every case after warning had been given. No lives have been lost.

Germany.—The fifth German war loan has been a remarkable success. The loan offices were crowded to the last moment. The actually ascertainable subscriptions amounted to 10,590,000,000 marks, with foreign subscriptions not fully included in this sum. It may

War Loans and Finance

therefore be said to equal approximately the fourth loan and to have been surpassed by the third only. The first loan amounted to 4,461,000,000 marks; the second, to 9,060,000,000; the third, to 12,161,000,000 and the fourth, to 10,707,000,000. The total subscription is 46,500,000,000 marks. It is evident that the soundness of Germany's financial status cannot be questioned. Her business men and bankers, according to a recent statement by the United States Consul General at Hamburg, are forming trade plans and shaping combinations on a scale they never attempted to reach before. The fact that comparatively little money has left the country contributes greatly to its financial standing as compared with that of the Allies. In spite of past happenings Germany looks forward to the most friendly business relations with America, as perhaps her closest trade associate. The Consul General said:

Germany expects, in fact, she realizes, that for a time at least after the war her trade with the nations that are numbered among the Allies will be subject to great restrictions. Germany has not been blind to the action taken by the Allies at their recent economic conference in Paris. But Germany expects to do a big business with America. Regardless of feelings that may or may not have been engendered because of the war, Germany expects nothing but the most cordial trade relations with America.

Attention is called by the Overseas News Agency to the growth in the German reserve of gold. At the end of July, 1914, the circulation of bank-notes covered by gold reserves was 89.2 per cent by the Russian State Bank, 62 per cent by the Bank of France, and only 43.1 by the German Reichsbank. These relations, however, have entirely changed during the war: "At the end of August, 1916, 34.2 per cent of the notes of the Reichsbank were covered by gold, while the Bank of France had only 25.8 per cent and the Russian State Bank 22.3 per cent." The proportion in the case of the Reichsbank increased still further and by September 23, had reached 36 per cent, while the proportion of the

Bank of France is said to have declined to 24.5 per cent by October 5. Though cut off from gold importation, Germany has conserved a vast gold reserve. The amount of coined gold in currency is estimated at 500,000,000 marks to which must be added the possessions in gold of private citizens.

Great Britain.—From notable English Catholic families, death has lately exacted a heavy toll. A recent number of the *Tablet* chronicles the death in action on September 13, of Mr. Kenelm Vaughan, son

*The Price of
Conflict*

of Mr. Reginald Vaughan, nephew of the late Cardinal, and of Dr. John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopolis. "I do not ask to be spared," the young man had recently written Dr. Vaughan, "but only that I may do my duty. Please pray for that one intention." "If the very essence of sanctity" writes the Bishop, in comment, "be absolute conformity to God's will, in life and in death, he was surely ripe for his reward." God's Providence will make all well, but the loss to the Church and to the State of this generation, of so many young men of position, ability and splendid Catholic faith, brings home the fearful and inevitable price of conflict. News has also been received of the death on September 11, of Brigadier-General Henry Frederick Hugh Clifford, D.S.O., and of Major Cedric Charles Dickens, grandson of the famous novelist. Born in 1867, General Clifford was educated at Woburn under Monsignor, Lord Petre, and entered the army in 1888. He won the Queen's and King's medals with five clasps in the South African campaign, and served in the present war with great distinction, receiving the D.S.O. in February, 1915, and the command of a brigade in the following June. He also received the Order of St. Stanislaus from the Emperor of Russia for distinguished conduct in the field. Major Dickens, who was but twenty-seven years of age, joined the London Regiment in 1910, and until the opening of the war, was a solicitor in a London firm. Reported wounded in February, 1915, he subsequently attained the rank of Major.

Major-General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, K.C.B., died at his residence in Dalkeith on September 18. The third son of the seventh Marquis of Lothian, born in 1837,

*Death of
Lord Kerr*

he followed the example of his mother and became a Catholic in 1853. He entered the army in 1857, and in 1878 married Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk. "Few men" comments the *Tablet*, "have gone through life commanding such universal respect." Lord Kerr for many years was President of the Scottish Catholic Truth Society, was a founder of a Home for Working Boys in Edinburgh, patron of many Catholic charities, and a devout member of St. David's church, Dalkeith, built by his mother in 1854. His last public act was to take part in a gild procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ireland.—In an address to his constituents at Waterford on October 6, Mr. John Redmond declared that despite the recent uprising "with all its inevitable aftermath of brutalities, stupidities and

*Mr. Redmond's
Waterford Speech*

inflamed passions," Home Rule for Ireland is safe if Ireland remains sane. He also declared that conscription could never be forced upon Ireland, adding that he could not bring himself to believe that the Government would be insane enough to challenge a conflict with Ireland on the subject, for conscription for Ireland, far from helping Ireland and the war, would, in his opinion, be the most fatal thing that could happen. "It would be resisted," he said, "in every village in Ireland. Its attempted enforcement would be a scandal which would ring round the world. It would produce no additional men." Continuing, Mr. Redmond said:

The mere threat is paralyzing recruiting, which, mark you, is not dead, as some people say. The latest figures, indeed, show that from the date of the rising, Easter Sunday, until September, 6,000 recruits were received. This demand for conscription is not a genuine military demand. It is a base political device put forward by men who want to injure and discredit Ireland's political future and revive by any and every means bad blood between the two countries in the wicked hope that when the war is over the British people may tolerate some attempt to repeal the Home Rule act. On these lines the Government may succeed in recruiting even after all that has happened. But as for conscription, in that way lies madness, ruin and disaster.

The Irish leader then declared that it was absolutely false that he or his colleagues ever devised a scheme providing for a permanent division of the ancient nation. He stated the case of Home Rule by saying that the Act was on the statute book and that the Act which suspends its operation provides that if it is not put into operation before the war ends, then it comes into operation automatically at the end of the war, and that nothing had altered or could alter that except a new act of Parliament. For his own part, he said, he desired a friendly and peaceful settlement with Ulster.

Japan.—Early this month came the news that Count Okuma, had resigned as Prime Minister of Japan and that the Emperor had requested Lieutenant-General

*A New
Premier*

Count Seiki Terauchi, formerly Minister of War and also formerly Resident General in Korea, to organize a Cabinet. The choice of Count Terauchi is considered a victory for the army party and for the bureaucratic forces in Japan, which have long been urging a more aggressive foreign policy than that of the peace-loving Count Okuma. As the retiring Prime Minister was popularly considered the champion of democratic progress the appointment of Count Terauchi seems to be regarded as a step toward a gradual return to clan government.

In diplomatic circles it is expected that the new Premier's appointment will be followed by a more vigorous attitude on Japan's part toward China. An Asso-

"Pacific Ascendancy in China" ciated-Press letter from Tokyo, dated September 12, explained, for the enlightenment of suspicious Americans that in accordance with the treaty signed at Peking in May, 1915:

Japan merely desires at this time to consolidate the position and influence she has already obtained in China. Concretely this would take the form of obtaining certain police rights in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia which Japan regards as special Japanese zones of influence. It might also include the right to secure the appointment of Japanese advisers for these districts.

These "police rights," the correspondent hastens to add, "would not involve a change in the *status quo* in China." They would merely be "a desirable extension of Japanese influence" which "will work for the best interests of China." The Japanese Government, moreover, has "officially assured" the United States that the Mikado's recent alliance with the Czar "in no way affects" China's future. Meanwhile, however, Japan will quietly go on, she asserts, developing her "pacific ascendancy in China by affirming her position and sphere of influence in Eastern Inner Mongolia and South Manchuria." With this object in view, General Nobuzumi Aoki, of the Japanese army, has received the post of military adviser to the Chinese Government, and Kinichi Kawakami, a well-known financier, it is reported, will be appointed financial adviser to China. Washington will watch with keen interest, no doubt, what attitude the new Premier will take regarding California's Japanese exclusion law, for he is suspected of favoring a more aggressive stand on that matter also.

Mexico.—The news about Mexico is far from reassuring. Apparently the Commission, sitting at Atlantic City, has made little or no progress, while the internal affairs of the unhappy republic are still in

General Conditions a tangle. Revolution is rife, trade and commerce are all but paralyzed.

The following figures, dealing with the output of metal, illustrate one phase of the country's condition. In 1912 the output of silver was 33,000,000 ounces; of gold, 245,000 ounces; of copper, 74,000 tons; of zinc, 46,000 tons; of lead, 68,000 tons. In the first six months of 1916 the output was: Silver, 6,000,000 ounces; gold, 38,000 ounces; copper, 23,000 tons; zinc, 11,000 tons; lead, 3,000 tons. A more general view of conditions can be had from the subjoined extract from a letter written in Mexico City on September 27:

... The indolence of the masses is keeping the capital comparatively quiet. In spite of the great misery there are no riots, but hunger is driving the people to theft and robbery. Never has the city been so unsafe. The other day, two street cars were attacked at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides this a young man of my acquaintance was wounded and robbed on a fashionable street at four o'clock in the afternoon. On account of the danger the streets are deserted after nine o'clock at night. There is no police protection; the police are aiding the robbers, who are mostly Carranzista soldiers. Meantime the interior is infested by bandits. Traveling is entirely unsafe.

Trains are attacked and people are killed. The Zapatistas are still quite close to Mexico City. In fact, just at present they are threatening to attack the city. However, the newspapers say that Carranza is in a fair way to establish peace and order. The bombastic phrases about the wonderful benefit of this revolution are fairly nauseating. Meantime the financial situation is growing worse. Although the Government guaranteed the peso of the last unifying paper-money issue, at ten cents, American money, its value has already dropped to two and one half cents, American money. Of course, the reason of this is obvious. The financial state of the country is hopeless. There is an entire lack of gold-reserve. As usual the Government accuses the banks and foreign commerce of causing the depreciation and hurls at the people decree after decree, one more arbitrary and foolish than the other. The only effect of this will be to precipitate Carranza's fall. You have heard of course about the difficulty which our two great banks are having. The Government decreed that they should, within sixty days, put their metal-reserve at par with their entire note-issue or be liquidated. This of course was robbery. The banks were not in a position to comply with the decree. The consequence will be that the Government will simply lay hands on the metal-reserve. There is much talk here about the "Joint Commission." There are rumors that the United States wishes to gain time to equip its forces better before entering Mexico. Of course, as I say, this is a mere rumor. Much more might be said along this line, but I refrain. . . .

An earlier letter, written by a German resident in Mexico, says:

I have had no news of you for some time. This is owing to the bad means of communication, for it is six weeks since we have had a mail from the coast. . . . The Felicista movement is making progress. There are actually more than 5,000 men concentrated here, all well armed and equipped. The advance guard has reached the village of Yajalon. The inhabitants of the State receive the Felicistas as saviors and it is only a matter of a few weeks when the whole State of Chiapas will be brought under the new regime. The movement is progressing with much order and prudence. Last week there was an encounter between the Carranzistas and the Felicistas, not far from Ocoingo. The Carranzistas were completely routed; sixty killed and the rest were scattered in all directions. It is rumored here that the Carranzista Governor of the State has fled to the Isthmus. It is calculated that not over 800 Carranzistas remain in the State. The "First Chief" has lost out entirely here; the people are tired of him. Nobody will accept his paper money.

From the foregoing letters it would appear that the throne of the First Chief, who sends such imperious messages to his Atlantic City Commissioners, has begun to totter.

A recent book, "The Whole Truth About Mexico," by Francisco Bulnes, one of Mexico's best informed and most representative citizens, contains some interesting statements about the Mexican priesthood. The author denies that priests have been guilty of any unconstitutional acts and declares that their accusers are incensed.

The best proof of the insincerity of the accusers of the Catholic clergy, who intentionally confuse personal with corporation rights, is the fact that many Mexican Protestant ministers have exercised political rights and have violated the Constitution by running for office, and even succeeded in having themselves elected representatives, senators and governors. Señor Nicholas Islas y Bustamante, a lawyer, was a Protestant bishop and advanced his candidacy for the Senate without having renounced his ministerial office. It was only when he was elected

that he renounced the episcopacy to take his seat in the Senate. There have been Mexican Protestant ministers who have renounced their ministerial calling to run for the House of Representatives and after the expiration of their first term, having collected their salaries, have gone back to the ministry, when they failed to be reelected to the House. As no proof has even been established that the Mexican Catholic clergy have as a body or corporation ever mixed in politics all charges brought against them, whether true or false are absolutely null.

Thus the truth is gradually leaking out, in spite of the prudent reticence of the daily press.

Rome.—Cardinal Gasparri lately gave an interview to the representative of the *Journal*, a well-known Parisian newspaper. *Rome* publishes an account of it, and there

**The Gasparri
Interview**

seems to be little doubt now as to the substantial accuracy of the report. Asked among other things what he thought of the possibility after the war, of the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, his Eminence replied, according to *Rome*:

... When peace is restored all the belligerent nations will have a profound need of repose and tranquillity which will hush at least for a certain number of years, many internal questions. France, in particular, after admiring in this war the magnificent conduct of her secular and regular clergy, will desire, I think, no more religious persecutions. Will it happen, for instance, that the religious, who returned to France in answer to the appeal of their country in danger, will be expelled again from French territory after the war? I do not think so. No French government will do that, and France as I know it, chivalrous France, will not permit it. Now religious peace with you will never be complete without a renewal of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. After the war too the points of contact between the civil power in France and the ecclesiastical authority will not only not disappear but will rather continue to increase; and a government truly solicitous for the interests of the French Republic, will be unwilling to sacrifice them to an anti-clericalism that is no longer the fashion. These are, I think, some of the reasons which allow Catholics to hope.

These remarks of the Papal Secretary of State gave rise to many comments in the French press. The *Temps* and the *Radical* naturally were not slow to conclude that the Cardinal showed a lack of diplomatic penetration when he exposed so frankly his ideas on the internal religious conditions of France and the possibility of future diplomatic relations with the Holy See. But according to the *Corriere d'Italia*, quoted by *Rome*, the socialist *Humanité* after giving a long resumé of the interview without any hostile criticism and in most respectful terms, went so far as to call the Cardinal "a good diplomat." And the solid and authoritative *Journal des Débats* expressed in very forcible words its approval of his opinions and affirmed that his viewpoint was the true and correct one. From many and well-informed sources it can be judged that the impression produced by the Cardinal's views has been most favorable among all classes in France. Certain political and Masonic circles, relatively small, must of course be excepted. And Catholics throughout the world, will gladly share the hopes expressed by the Papal Secretary of State.

Spain.—The Prelates of the Ecclesiastical Province of Zaragoza, voicing the general sentiments of the Spanish clergy, have directed to the Cortes an address in

**A Poor but
Devoted Clergy**

which they give a deplorable picture of the present condition of the clergy and demand immediate relief and improvement. The document states that the obligation of maintaining public worship and its ministers, recognized by the eleventh article of the Constitution, may be truly said not to be complied with at the present time. For the number of the clergy who can maintain themselves with the allowance given them by the State and without being obliged to have recourse to the alms of the Faithful, the charity of their families or a private income, is inconsiderable. Even when in 1856, the Concordat with the Holy See was sanctioned, it was well recognized that the endowments assigned in it to the clergy were insufficient, and an increase was respectfully hinted at. Since then the cost of living has gone up enormously and money has decreased in value. While the State has increased the sums allotted to other purposes, it has added nothing to the meager allowances of ecclesiastics. But this is not all. According to the thirty-first article of the Concordat ecclesiastical endowments were not to suffer any discount. But in paying them the State ruthlessly discounts a percentage which in some instances reaches the figure of 14 and even 20 per cent. The list of other grievances is a long and cruel one. "From all which it follows that the clergy, especially in the rural districts, finds itself in a plight as sad as it is shameful for the nation, which officially calling itself Catholic, consents to it."

The priests of today, says the document, despite their miserable struggle for existence, will faithfully continue in their posts, working for God and country. The prospects for tomorrow are darker, for tomorrow priests cannot be found. For owing to the conditions described, the number of those who enter the seminaries is every year smaller. It requires an extraordinary vocation to study for the priesthood in the face of such discouragement. The writers of the address remind the Government that if some remedy is not applied, the Faithful will lack all spiritual aid and the village population, held in check up to the present by the preaching of the priest, will quickly add their forces to the enemies of private property and the existing order, now found in such numbers in the large cities. The address concludes by requesting the Cortes to agree to the following improvements, when passing the new budget: Suppression of the discount alluded to in the stipends of the clergy; increase of the endowment of the rural clergy at least by decreeing that in future their stipends shall not fall below \$200 a year; and, lastly, the assignment in the estimates of the sum necessary to provide pensions for retired parish priests and other clergy who shall have earned in justice a right to such a provision. The request made in the address is most just.

"This Young Fellow Mitchel"

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

PERSONALLY, I do not fancy the phrase. It sounds like a fling. But it is not mine. It was chosen by a friend of Mayor Mitchel, Mr. Albert Loring Paine, to head an article in the October issue of a monthly magazine. I do not name the magazine, which is a pretensions affair, because in my judgment it contains articles and illustrations in violation of Section 1140a of the Penal Law.

In my opinion, the article is the explosion of a small-bore gun in an organized, nation-wide attempt to justify the "criticisms" which have been leveled against the private child-caring institutions of New York for the past six months. A somewhat similar paper was contributed to the September number of a thoroughly reputable magazine, the *World's Work*, by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick. Mr. Hendrick labors to prove that a strained situation arose when Mr. Mitchel's "passion for honesty and intelligent transaction of public business" clashed with the passion of the average private institution for filth, ignorance, and general incompetency. Insisting that religious considerations did not prompt any action of the city administration, he is at pains to emphasize, through paragraph and illustration, Mr. Mitchel's devotion to the Catholic Church. The inference, that the Catholic institutions were so shockingly bad, that even a Catholic Mayor was forced to protest, is fairly plain. All this is an old story. Mr. Hendrick is at perfect liberty to state his belief in the substantial accuracy of the charges made against the Protestant and Catholic institutions by the Kingsbury-Doherty investigators. His belief, however, scarcely entitles him to argue from these charges as though they were facts beyond all cavil, much less to write himself down as "an impartial critic." If any defense has been made of the institutions, Mr. Hendrick has, apparently, never heard of it. For him the case is closed, and this "impartial critic" finds that the Mayor has been completely sustained. He has fought the good fight, and the crown is his.

Surely, Mr. Mitchel is perfectly within his rights in seeking this justification, should he think, as he may not, that he stands in need of it. But that the halo of sanctity, merited by a "brave defense of helpless children in private institutions," should be placed about the brow of New York's Mayor, is quite another matter. This raising to the altars lends a certain sanction to the legend, that Mayor Mitchel is the valiant St. George who slew the fell institutional dragon, drunk with the blood of dependent children. No one can, or does, object to any truth urged either by Mr. Arthur Loring Paine, or by any one else who believes that in this "controversy," Mayor Mitchel has borne himself as a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. But all of us who

are interested, not in getting the upper hand but in getting at the truth, are equally within our rights, in demanding that the basis of the defense be fact and not romance.

Mr. Paine stands up for his friend like a man; but he lacks the critical faculty necessary to the historian. He is too easily satisfied; he does not subject his documents, if indeed he has any, to dispassionate analysis. Thus, for instance, he relates that "recently," which I take to mean within the last six months, the Mayor came into sharp conflict with "certain organizations as to whether needy children in public institutions were being properly cared for." Mr. Paine does not seem to grasp the distinction between "public" and "private" institutions. It is said that Mr. Mitchel, since he became Mayor, once visited a home for children conducted by the city; but the "recent controversy" raged exclusively around the *private* institutions. While showing, perhaps, his worth as a panegyrist, this serious error at the outset also indicates Mr. Paine's ability as an historian. This indication is strengthened by the following romantic paragraph:

As soon as the question [that children in institutions were mistreated] was presented to him, he took a boat, eighteen or twenty secretaries, and six or seven stenographers, and visited the public institutions in which children were being cared for. . . . His personal investigation—that is to say, his own eyes—showed him that the children were not clean and were not well-clothed. His ears quickly told him that the children were no better than half fed.

I have already noted Mr. Paine's confusion of "public" with "private" institutions; I may here remark his excellent eye for the color and pomp of pageant. He pictures the Mayor, embarking like another Lohengrin in the Swan Boat, to visit, perchance, St. Joseph's Home in the heart of Manhattan, or the Dominican Convent in the Nyack Hills. With him is a gorgeous retinue of more secretaries than Suarez could dictate to, or Napoleon; but the number of stenographers seems, in proportion, meager. More important, perhaps, is the fact that this boat on perilous voyage bent, bore up under the weight of not a single investigator.

It would be bootless to follow the navigators, for, so far as the Catholic institutions are concerned, Mr. Paine has only given us a drab brother to "The Hunting of the Snark." The log book seems to have vanished. The date is "recently," but the course remains unknown. However, the Reverend James J. Higgins, D.D., Supervisor of Catholic Charities in the Diocese of Brooklyn, informs me that this trusty vessel touched at no institution along the shores of Brooklyn. Its path sinks yet deeper into the misty unknown, when similar testimony is borne by the Reverend William A. Court-

ney and the Reverend Samuel A. Ludlow, General Supervisors of Charities in the Diocese of New York. In fact, it would be somewhat difficult for a "boat," of the nature described by Mr. Paine, to drop anchor off any New York Catholic institution, without the circumstance becoming, as it were, *publici juris*. Had this alleged investigation with eighteen or twenty secretaries and six or seven stenographers been made, the authorities of the institutions surely would have heard of it. But, iconoclasts as they are, they aver that this "boat" investigation story is a legend.

Mr. Paine is even more unhappy in describing the present status of the "controversy." After the inevitable reference to the Mayor's "coreligionists," he announces that "the Mayor won at every point of attack." True, no one knows precisely what Mr. Mitchel has, or has not attacked. But if facts of legal record are of any value, it may be mentioned that the Doherty-Mitchel charges of libel and conspiracy against Mgr. Dunn and Father Farrell were dismissed by Judge Greenbaum. A few more victories of this sort and the Mayor's harness will be undone. "Offensively," continues Mr. Paine, "he fought alone." He did; very much alone. In point of fact, he never "called on the Governor to use his powers to discover who was at fault," as Mr. Paine seems to think. The call was issued by Acting Mayor McAneny, and it was for an investigation of the State Board of Charities, not of the private institutions. Finally, Mayor Mitchel was so much alone in the offensive, that he did not even sign the complaints in his famous "conspiracy" case. That was done by a Second

Deputy Commissioner of Charities. But Mr. Paine's final paragraph is a masterpiece:

Defensively, he was supported by a host of men and organizations, not on account of their knowledge of the issues involved. . . .

Some of the men who supported Mayor Mitchel are Messrs. E. A. Moree, Homer Folks, John A. Kingsbury, and William H. Hotchkiss. Among the organizations, one may discern the Committee of One Hundred, the Committee of Twenty-Nine, a committee of ladies, whose number I have forgotten, the *Survey*, and the shrinking form of the *Evening Post*. Does Mr. Paine wish to intimate that none of these men, not one of these ladies, no organization, and not even the *Evening Post*, had any "knowledge of the issues involved"? It is a bold statement. Perhaps it is true, but I am glad that I did not make it myself.

. . . but on account of their absolute belief in the Mayor's ability to see things clearly, and in his courage to do things fearlessly.

It does take courage, I admit, to try to float on Madison Avenue's asphalt, or to climb the Nyack Hills in a "boat," but I do not see why I should be asked to praise a man who attempts these feats. I am inclined to think that he needs attention from the medical man. At any rate, we can thank Mr. Paine for a very picturesque legend, worthy of inclusion in some Wagnerian cycle. I hope, however, that his next excursion into the pleasing realms of fancy will be recorded in a magazine, which does not seem to suggest that Section 1140a of the Penal Law is rusting for want of needed application.

Reflections on Fanatics

G. M. GODDEN.

THE human mind, as psychology reveals it to us, is a strange and wonderful organism. Thoughts, often wild and curiously disconnected, sometimes almost supernaturally clear and coherent in the rare inspiration of genius, flit through it from the dim and vast sub-consciousness that lies beyond the threshold of all conceivable being, uplifting saint and poet to the Divine on the wings of imagination, but driving the unimaginative materialist, if he cannot break free from them, into the frenzied fancies of heretical fanaticism. For the basis of all heresies and the motive power of all fanaticisms is a mental obsession; the mind by long dwelling upon an isolated truth, gradually over-emphasizes its importance and loses sight of its proper relation to the whole body of Catholic doctrine. Heresies in many cases, as G. K. Chesterton has suggested, are often lonely virtues gone mad from solitude. Frequently this religious obsession is associated with a morbid spiritual vanity that amounts to moral perversion.

It was Sunday evening and a grey fog hung over the

city, saturating everything with its moisture and obscuring, as with a thick veil, the familiar landmarks. Gropping my way through a network of narrow streets, I reached an open square, a favorite haunt of loafers out-of-work and itinerant evangelists. I paused for a moment, uncertain of my direction, when, from somewhere in the center, came the sound of a man's voice, the voice of a raucous Boanerges, whose tongue of triple brass was denouncing the terrors of hell upon all and sundry who should refuse to accept the message of this self-appointed prophet. Guided by the hubbub—for there were frequent interruptions—I crossed over and joined the outskirts of a small crowd surrounding the central arc-lamp which dimly illumined the upturned faces and the wet asphalt beyond. The preacher, a short, dark man, with a heavy moustache and a mass of tangled brown hair, the grime of many days upon his collar, and a tattered Bible in his hand, was gesticulating wildly, amid the scarcely concealed mirth of the bystanders, as he thundered impartially against society and Socialism, Catholic and Presby-

terian, in short, against everyone except a few like-minded fanatics whose election to salvation had apparently set them above the moral standard exacted of publicans and sinners.

A tirade against Catholicism, containing few facts but much slander, provoked one of the crowd to retaliate, and a duel of words ensued, the preacher, heated and abusive, aspersing his opponent's morals and consigning him to the bottomless pit; his opponent, cool and argumentative, pray forgive the conceit—it was none other than myself—stolidly indifferent to the other's personalities, and cynically enquiring whether they might be taken as fair samples of the charity of the "Christianity" which the man preached.

Disgusted finally with the altercation, I was about to pass on, when physical exhaustion compelled the preacher to stop, and my attention was drawn to his comrade, who now took up his parable and prayed. A tall, gaunt man, with iron-grey hair, wearing a threadbare overcoat that may once have been black but had become a curious nondescript shade of green, on his head a round felt hat, much battered, and in his eyes the far-away glint that betokens a visionary, a vision in himself that reminded me for some reason of a picture I had once seen of Cromwell's "Fifth Monarchy Men." In marked contrast to his predecessor, he spoke throughout in a quiet, even tone; volcanic fire and energy had given place to a glacierlike coldness; yet here, too, there was no attempt at argument, but crass ignorance and unqualified denunciation: for these men rely blindly on the fantastic promptings of a disordered subconsciousness and believe their emotions direct inspirations from God. They alone are the elect of God; the rest of us are marked with the sign of the Beast. A distinguished scientist, a prominent theologian, and a Socialist leader are all linked together in a Trinity of Evil, representing "No Bible, No Blood, and No God." And the unemployed were exhorted to pray for work and then—sit down and wait patiently till it comes to their very doors!

I recognized the man. I had heard and seen him before, and had his career from a friendly publican on the corner. He was a carpenter by trade, he preferred to loaf around the square babbling of the mysteries that are beyond the ken of him and all his kind, while his poor, suffering wife toiled all day as a charwoman, and his children lacked bread to eat. She had tried remonstrances; she had begged him to stick to his trade; she had told him that a man's wife and children should be his first care; but she had only been beaten for her pains. One night, when she had broken down and cried, he had clutched her by the throat and threatened to choke her if ever she interfered with him again. Since then she had not dared expostulate with her lazy and irascible lord and master lest he should keep his threat.

This was the man who expounded the Scriptures in the square, and exhorted sinners to wash themselves in the

Blood of the Lamb and be clean! It is the old Antinomian heresy; an exclusive obsession of the doctrine of justification by faith—the elect can do no wrong. Like a noxious weed, this error takes root and flourishes in the congenial soil of Puritanism to bring forth its fruit in due season, hypocrisy and uncleanness and all manner of corruption. But it is to these that the Apostle applied the proverb: "For the dog is turned to his vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

The preacher had finished, and the little crowd of men, like the prodigal son with "the husks that the swine did eat," were slowly swallowed up in the fog. As I turned away there arose before my eyes a vision of my country after Luther's own heart, a country of "simple Bible teaching," where every child was left to interpret the Divine mysteries according to the darkness of his own ignorance, and false prophets thundered at every street corner, blind leaders of the blind into the ditch of heresy and schism; where "the saints" multiplied and sinned exceedingly, and the gospel of hypocrisy and ugliness brooded over the land. Then faint and low came the rise and fall of a chant from a church hard by, as the choir sang the *Clamavi in toto corde meo*. I stood beneath the chancel window and listened; the Psalm had struck a sympathetic chord; its words were strangely in harmony with my mood. For they sang the concord of words and deeds, of faith and works, which makes the lives of those who have it a veritable symphony of celestial music, bringing to all who hearken to its strains the greatest of God's gifts—His peace.

When Does Human Life End?

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M. D.

IN recording a death we commonly say the person died at just a certain number of minutes before or after some hour, but there is no method known to science which determines exactly the moment when the soul leaves the body. It is extremely probable that no one dies at the exact moment of apparent death; the heart may beat a half-hour after all palpable pulse beat has ceased. Daily throughout the world the priest reaches a person who has just died, the heart and lungs are still, and everyone thinks there is no chance to administer the Sacraments; nevertheless the man may be alive. The probability that we do not die just as soon as consciousness, respiration, and palpable pulsation of the blood cease, is so strong that all moralists now maintain the last Sacraments should be given conditionally up to at least an hour after apparent death.

In the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute at New York, Dr. G. Canby Robinson, in 1912, made records from eight patients before and during the actual stopping of the heart, using the electrocardiograph which can be employed without the patient's knowledge. He thus

found, only in one case, however, that the heart continued to beat for half an hour after all vascular and circulatory sounds could be heard. Dr. Crile's experiments upon dogs show that it is possible to resuscitate these animals after they have been apparently dead for periods of time up to seven and a half minutes. The cessation of the blood circulation causes degeneration in the nerve cells and fibers and these lesions may last even if the animal has been resuscitated. Crile thinks the human respiratory center may survive anemia, from 30 to 50 minutes; the cardiac centers, from 20 to 30 minutes; the spinal cord, from 8 to 10 minutes; the portion of the brain used in conscious activity, from 6 to 7 minutes. The higher neurons, important parts of the nervous system, have been stimulated into reflex activity 25 minutes after complete clinical cessation of cardiac activity.

In experiments on rabbits poisoned by chloroform and apparently dead, Gunn and Martin found [*Journal of Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics*, July, 1915] that they could resuscitate 70 per cent of the animals if treatment was begun within 10 minutes after the heart ceased beating. They started artificial respiration through a tube in the trachea, then injected epinephrin into the pericardium, and afterwards massaged the heart through an opening in the abdomen. The rhythm of compression of the heart in this massage is about half that of the normal beat, and at short intervals the massage is interrupted to allow the spontaneous beats to develop. There are various methods of heart massage but that through an opening in the thorax is the most efficient. Epinephrin is to be used as an adjuvant to the massage and the artificial respiration.

In "Essays in Pastoral Medicine" I mentioned several cases of resuscitation after what had appeared to be certain death. Two of these people had been "dead" 45 minutes before they were revived temporarily. Dr. W. Wayne Babcock [*Proceedings of the American Therapeutic Society*, 1912] reported a number of other cases. One was a resuscitation which began 25 minutes after respiration had ended, and which lasted for 43 hours before real death. The patient was a negress poisoned by scopolamine. A man whose arm had been avulsed "died" from shock. After 15 minutes of artificial respiration the circulation started again, and he was kept alive for 6 hours in this manner, but he died as soon as the artificial respiration was discontinued. Another man in a similar condition was kept alive for 7 hours. One of Babcock's cases was that of a woman 87 years of age who "died" on the operating table. After 10 minutes of cardiac and respiratory cessation she was revived. She died 4 days later of peritonitis. A man 56 years of age "died" on the operating table, that is, his heart and lungs quit work. He was resuscitated and completely cured. An infant born apparently dead may be resuscitated after a delay much longer than would be possible in an older person provided always the infant had not begun to

breathe. In such attempts to resuscitate the maintenance of the blood-circulation is the chief aim. If, however, the blood is not oxygenated the circulation will not go on automatically. When the heart has stopped in diastole, that is when distended with blood, this distention must be relieved by cardiac massage, sometimes through an opening in the thoracic wall.

Old writers speak of cessation of the pulse for long periods, but these cases are evidently cataleptic. Ferreres [*"La Muerta Real y Aparente"*], to whom is due the credit of drawing the attention of moralists to the necessity of giving the Last Sacraments to persons apparently dead, gives several examples of suspended animation which are cataleptic. St. Augustine tells of a priest named Rutilus who had the power of suspending his heart action at will so that no pulsation could be felt; Caillé [*New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, xvi] reported a like case; and Cheyne tells of a Colonel Townsend who could apparently die whenever he pleased. His longest suspension of the pulse lasted for 30 minutes.

The fakirs of India carry this power to great lengths. Braid [*"Treatise on Human Hibernation"*, 1850] on the authority of a Sir Claude Wade, says a fakir was buried unconscious at Lahore in 1837 and the grave was guarded day and night by sentinels from an English regiment. Six weeks after the burial the man was dug up and he presented all the appearance of a corpse. The legs and arms were shrunken and stiff, and the head reclined on the shoulder as happens in corpses. There was no perceptible circulation anywhere, yet he was revived. Honigberger, a German physician in the service of Runjeet Singh, described [*"Medical Times and Gazette"*, London, 1870, vol. i] a case where a fakir of Punjaub was put into a sealed vault for 40 days, and the seal of Runjeet Singh was placed on the coffin. Grain was sown above the vault and it was well above the ground when the man was taken out of the vault and resuscitated. Honigberger says the chin of this fakir was shaved before the burial, and the beard did not grow while he was in the vault.

In keeping with these stories are many curious accounts of recovery after hanging. These are frequent in writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when hanging was almost an every-day occurrence. Such narratives are more authentic than the anecdotes told of recovery after premature burial, which are as old as humanity. The stock story in these premature burial cases is that of the woman who is revived by a thief who cuts her finger in an effort to steal the rings buried with her. Zacchias [*"Quaestiones Medico-Legales"*, 1701] tells of a young man who "died" of a plague, and was set out with the corpses for burial. He revived and was taken back to the pest house. He "died" again and was again prepared for the grave, but he came to a second time. His vitality was almost feline in its persistency. Very embarrassing legal and social complications must have been caused by his refusal to remain dead.

The important fact, however, is that in any case of death the exact moment in which the soul leaves the body is not knowable, and where there is question of giving the Sacraments the person apparently dead should have the benefit of the doubt. He is to receive conditional Baptism, Absolution or Extreme Unction, if these Sacraments are required. The human respiratory system can survive

anemia for 30 to 50 minutes. How long after the hour a priest may administer the Sacraments is not known, but a second hour, or even a third are not unreasonable intervals of time during which the Sacraments may be administered conditionally. The Sacraments are for man, and there is no irreverence if they are administered conditionally.

Is the Law of the Jungle to Prevail?

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S. J.

TYPICAL of our times are the three great economic conflicts which have rapidly followed one another in the past weeks: the threatened national strike of the railway Brotherhoods, the New York carmen's strike with its menace of a general sympathetic walk-out, and lastly the struggle between the Dairymen's League and the milk distributors of the same city. While serious enough in itself, each of these gigantic movements was only a suggestion of what may at any moment come to pass in any of our cities or over all the country, unless due provision is made for the protection of the rights and lives of our citizens.

Referring to New York alone, we find this metropolis, with its 5,500,000 inhabitants, three times threatened with famine during the brief period of a few weeks. Infant life was to be hazarded and hardship and suffering imposed upon millions of unoffending citizens should the chances of victory dictate such a course for one of the contending parties in the great economic struggles.

The first event to which allusion has just been made is the averted national strike of the four great Brotherhoods, which was to have blocked the very veins and arteries through which our healthy national life courses. Yet it was not a strike of labor in general, or even of the majority of the railway employees, but only of the best-paid section of the workers. Not the slightest interest was shown at any stage of the controversy in the fate of the inferior workmen whose wages were perhaps but one-third of the pay received by the trainmen. The former were merely identified with the public, so far as the intended strike was concerned, and would finally help in making good the deficit resulting to the company. Such was the nature of this menaced national strike, aside from the specific economic demands with which we are not concerned.

A particularly interesting feature was the fact that capital, placed in a serious predicament, was anxious for arbitration. Accession to this demand on the part of labor would instantly have removed the sword hanging over the head of the nation. The universal cessation of commerce and transportation, such as the strike threatened, might readily have had as its consequence the death of hundreds of infants and would certainly have entailed inconvenience or positive suffering to a hun-

dred million people. But the trainmen, who controlled the situation, refused to arbitrate.

Writing with the best interests of the laboring man at heart, it is impossible to find any justification, from a Christian point of view, for this attitude of the Brotherhoods. There was no proportion between the suffering they were willing to impose upon the nation and the advantage that a refusal to arbitrate their claims fairly could have brought them.

The argument advanced by the trainmen's advocates is perfectly familiar. They assert that arbitration always favors capitalism, at least unconsciously. The force of this argument was completely negated by what immediately happened in the carmen's strike which followed.

In this strike it was organized labor which had been taken at a disadvantage. Individual contracts were being prepared for the men with the evident intention of striking a deadly blow at the existing trade unions. The trade unionists themselves were not to blame in seeking to avert what, from their point of view, was the supreme disaster, namely, unionization by their employers. But they were too few in number to achieve success, then too their case was not entirely clear and they were not prepared for action. Their strike was lost on the morning it began. The tables were now turned, and organized labor pleaded for the principle of arbitration which had been indignantly rejected in the trainmen's threatened strike. But capital, which had then sought refuge in this means of a fair settlement, now found itself in possession of the field and could see no reason for arbitration in the entire dispute. The Public Service Commission, which offered its aid, was of a different opinion; but capital was relentless. The case was not arbitrable from its point of view, since arbitration would have been an injustice to the many thousands of men who had signed the individual contract. Such was the argument. There was at least one merit in this: the principle of arbitration was not flatly rejected, but was simply said to have no application in the present instance. The strike was declared practically non-existent.

The service in Manhattan was soon almost normal, but in the Bronx the public was exposed to no slight inconvenience. Cars were given into the hands of irresponsible men who followed any route that promised the

best returns, since the receipts were divided between motorman and conductor. These men determined for themselves the law of the game. Thus, in particular instances, change was refused to passengers, a second payment was demanded by the banditti, passengers were kept waiting while the amiable pair divided the earnings or consulted about ejecting their patrons and reversing the route of the car. But the strike was not arbitrable, and the public must "grin and bear it."

The climax was reached when, in view of the evident failure of the car strike, the labor organizers determined upon a general sympathetic strike. This was to have called out 800,000 men in an attempt to paralyze all the industries of the city, to starve the 5,500,000 inhabitants, and thus afford a lesson to the car owners that the strike was indeed an arbitrable problem. Unionism itself was said to be at stake. Such, however, was hardly the case, as the unions made plain by using their good judgment and leaving unheeded the call of the organizers and agitators.

Labor showed its discretion, but the State and the municipal government found themselves utterly helpless to coerce either capital or labor in order to save the city.

Much as the striking carmen arouse our sympathy, there is no consideration to be shown for organizers who use language such as that attributed to one of these leaders, in reference to the intended general sympathetic strike: "Let the public starve; it will do them good." This shows a callous disregard for those whose interests can never be ruthlessly set aside. It recalls a similar remark accredited to a foremost American financier, who briefly assigned the public to a warm place in the nether world. There is little choice between radical capital and radical labor, except that the former is likely to be the more dangerous of the two evils.

But no less characteristic of our times than the two events already described is the farmers' strike, if we may so call it, which followed before interest in the carmen's efforts had entirely subsided. The patience of citizens was to be still more severely tried and they were again to be made the playball between two contending parties, the Dairymen's League and the large distributing companies of New York City. A penny more for each quart of milk was the demand of the farmers, who claimed that the distributors received more than their share of the cost of milk to the consumer.

A milk famine now threatened the city. The normal supply required for its population is 2,400,000 quarts. This was to be cut off at one blow by the League until its demands were granted. Immense quantities of milk, on their way to the creameries, were intercepted and poured out on the road. Battles ensued to prevent shipments. The farmers were willing to supply "raw" milk to the city directly, but this was not permitted by the health authorities because of the danger of typhoid and other diseases. The pasteurizing plants, however, were all in the hands of the great distributors. To prevent danger

to infant life and to the sick, the farmers were willing to supply the milk free for these purposes, provided the city itself would pasteurize it. There was in these concessions some regard at least for the welfare of the public that deserves credit. The distributors likewise sought to provide for hospitals, institutions, and families with children before all other customers. This kindly act was no less in their favor. Yet it was not long before a real famine threatened which might well have endangered the lives of children and of the sick. However, in this stress the Mayor, after futile efforts at conciliation, threw up his hands with the exclamation: "I'm through. I can do nothing more!" Is a large municipality then reduced to such a stage of helplessness?

From the very beginning of the strike grocers and small dealers received only sparing supplies of milk, or none at all. Seeking for a pot of milk in the stores of Manhattan at any time after half-past seven in the morning, was said to be like hunting for the proverbial pot of gold at the rainbow's end. But the contestants were left to fight out their quarrel at the public expense. The deadlock was finally broken when twelve of the smaller dealers signed the terms laid down by the Dairymen's League. The principle of arbitration now likewise received a belated recognition in the appointment of a committee to decide an important point still at issue.

The farmers' complaints were justified in so far as higher wages for labor, higher prices for supplies, and the introduction of modern equipments had greatly increased their expenses. The statement of one of their number, that with very great care he could make about three per cent. on his business, may be accepted as correct. The spokesman of one of the largest of the four great milk-distributing companies immediately declared that the public would have to pay the difference if the dairymen's demands were complied with.

Without inquiring farther into the ability of this firm to pay the difference and still realize a fair return, or making reflections upon any party, the principle must be briefly laid down that it is the duty of the State to safeguard the common good of its citizens. It may not stand idly by should the public be forced to the wall and ordered to surrender, in modern highway fashion, merely that dividends may be kept at a high-water level.

The special peculiarity of this strike was that it did not represent a struggle between capital and labor, but between large capital and small, between the middle-class farmer and the great distributor who was said to absorb the profits. In his possession was the necessary machinery without which the milk could not be admitted to the market. The farmer therefore found himself no less dependent upon the big distributing company than the laborer upon his employer, who likewise possesses the wealth and machinery. In such circumstances it is the duty of the State to secure for both labor and the farmer

the proper conditions and to eliminate so far as possible the causes of such disputes.

Capital and labor, moreover, must be given opportunities of obtaining justice without imperiling the rights and the lives of citizens. Where these opportunities are not accepted and public necessity demands it, legal action must be taken to enforce a settlement of difficulties. Recourse to the barbaric method of throttling and starving the public in order to obtain a private end must be banished forever from civilized and Christian life.

On Losing One's Head

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

WHEN I was a little boy I had an imagination, though this has long been washed away out of me by the wordy abstractions of politics and journalism. For imagination, real imagination, is never a vague thing of vistas. Real imagination is always materialistic; for imagination consists of images, generally graven images. There is a mad literalism about imagination; and when I had it I turned everything that any one mentioned into a concrete body and a staring shape. Thus, I would hear grown-up people using ordinary proverbs and figures of speech; pale, worn-out proverbs, battered and colorless figures of speech. But every one of these phrases sprang out for me as fierce and vivid as a motto written in fireworks. For some reason I had a particularly graphic visual concept in the case of nautical metaphors. Thus, when I heard that my uncle on a sea voyage "had got his sea-legs" I pictured the most horrible bodily transformations in my uncle. Had my uncle now got four legs? Or had it been necessary for his two original and, to my eyes, unobjectionable legs to be amputated by the ship's doctor? Did the new legs arrive as a sort of extra luggage; or did they loathesomely grow upon him with an awful unnaturalness of nature? I pictured my uncle's sea-legs as two green and glistening members, covered with scales like fishes, and bearing some resemblance to the two fishy tails with which exuberant Renaissance artists provided Tritons and mermaids. Again when I heard, in some such sea-faring connection, that "the Captain kept his weather eye open," I assumed with faultless infantile logic that he kept the other one quite shut. And in some dreams I pictured the Captain's weather eye as being some separate and eccentric kind of eye, like that of a Cyclops; an eye of blue sky or lightning that opened suddenly in his hat or his coat-tails and blazed through black fantastic tempests; a strange star of the storm.

But there were many cases, even among more terrestrial and commonplace metaphors, where the material metaphor photographed itself on my fancy. One of them was the phrase about a man "losing his heart." A man, considered as a material envelope, seemed so securely done up that how the heart could get out of the body was a problem analogous to that of how the apple could get

into the dumpling. Perhaps, I mused, the phrase about a man having his heart in his mouth might throw some light on the somewhat odd method of its accomplishment. But that again was darkened with doubt by the other phrase, which spoke of a man with his heart in his boots; where there was clearly no thoroughfare. From this my childish taste turned with a certain relief to the easier and more popular taste of a man losing his head; which seemed the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. Indeed, by this dream of symbolic decapitation I was much haunted in infancy and am not infrequently inspired and comforted even to this day. Whatever other metaphors may mean, this metaphor of the lost head has some primary and poetic meaning; and I have written many bad poems, bad fairy tales, and bad apologues in my industrious attempt to find it out and declare it. The connection between the animal and intellectual meaning of it became close and even confused. I vaguely thought of Charles I having lost his head equally in both senses; which was not perhaps wholly untrue. When I read of the miracle of St. Denis, who carried his head in his hand, it seemed to me quite a soothing and graceful proceeding. St. Denis did not lose his head; he carried it in his hand so as not to lose it.

And, indeed, this drifting and dancing dream of decapitation, in which saints and kings figured with Gothic fantasticality, had a kind of allegory in the core of it. The separation of body and head is a sort of symbol of that separation of body and soul which is made by all the heresies and the sophistries, which are the nightmares of the mind. The mere materialist is a body that has lost its head; the mere spiritualist is a head that has mislaid its body. Under the same symbol can be found the old distinction between the sinner and the heretic about which theology has uttered many paradoxes, more profitable to study than some modern people fancy. For there is one kind of man who takes off his head and throws it in the gutter, who dethrones and forgets the reason that should be his ruler and witness; and the horrible headless body strides away over cities and sanctuaries, breaking them down and treading them into mire and mud. He is the criminal; but there is another figure equally sinister and strange. This man forgets his body, with all its instinctive honesties and recurrent sanities and laws of God; he leaves his body working in the fields like a slave; and the head goes away to think alone. The head, detached and dehumanized, thinks faster and faster like a clock gone mad; it is never heated by any generous blood, never softened by any healthy fatigue, never checked or warned by any of the terrible terrors of instinct. The head thinks because it cannot do anything else; because it cannot feel or doubt or know. This man is the heretic; and in this way all the heresies were made. The anarchist goes off his head and the sophist off his body; I will not renew the old dispute about which is the worse amputation; but I should recommend the prudent reader to avoid either.

THE ORATORIO "SANCTUS FRANCISCUS"

H. C. WATTS

THE oratorio seems to have been monopolized by the idea that it is something peculiar to the English language, and something peculiar to Protestantism. In modern times this idea was upset to a considerable extent by Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," and now Signor Ariani has accomplished something that, in a large measure, has helped to restore the oratorio to its proper place in the economy of present-day music. "Sanctus Franciscus," his latest composition, is an oratorio that is at once Catholic in theme and in expression. That is to say, its theme is certain outstanding features in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, expressed through the medium of ecclesiastical Latin: a medium that imparts to the work a warmth and intensity which it would undoubtedly lack were it rendered in English, a language that is very suitable for private devotions and folk-songs.

The title of Signor Ariani's oratorio is somewhat epigrammatic in style: *Sanctus Franciscus oratorium ab Adriano Ariani super verba R. P. Sixti Lagorio compositum recurrente quinquagesimo anniversario ab erectione Ecclesiae S. Antonii Patavini in civitate Neo-eboracensi per Patres Franciscuales ab Italia*. The libretto, which Father Lagorio has chosen from liturgical, Scriptural, and other sources, covers four periods in the life of the Saint. An invitory and prologue precedes the first part. The prologue itself is an admirable example of medieval hymnology, in accentual sapphics:

*In rudi caula, monitu superno,
Nascitur mundo, quia sorte mira
Ferre debebat nova amoris arte
Stigmata Christi. . . .*

The first part expresses the fight between the citizens of Perugia and Assisi. Francis Bernardone leads his fellow-townsmen against the Perugians, and he is overcome and thrown in prison. In the second part the historian relates events in the life of St. Francis, and the Voice of Christ calls him to the life of renunciation, while the chorus chants of the founding of the three Orders that sprang from the response of the Saint to the Voice. The third part is largely a mystical conversation between St. Francis and St. Clare, in which a chorus of friars and nuns joins in celebrating the praises of the religious life. The fourth part commemorates the stigmata and death of St. Francis, but strangely enough, does not introduce the "Song of the Sun," which would have contributed a sense of fullness to the libretto and have given the composer an opportunity for some exceptional solo music.

The general impression of Signor Ariani's latest work is singularly involved in the subject and its treatment. It is an interpretation of certain underlying qualities in the life of St. Francis, a revelation of the tragedy of Assisi. For behind all the joyousness of that life there was the great and irrevocable sacrifice of renunciation. It is not the St. Francis of the twentieth-century sentimentalists, but the man who stood at the door of his father's house stripped of everything, even of his very garments, who literally forsook everything for the Gospel's sake. And the composer has produced this effect, not by a meretricious resorting to an ultra-modernistic chromatic tone coloring, but by the skilful blending of both orchestral and choral media as material in the hands of a conscientious creative artist.

A second characteristic of this oratorio is the composer's skill with massed effects, whether it be in a vivid yet conservative weaving of tone-color into the texture of the orchestration, or the sublimely builded erection of chorus work, which, rising like wave upon wave, sweeps on to some climax that is more than the effect of musical device, it is an artistically chosen vestment for the words which it both clothes and

adorns. It is in this respect that Signor Ariani approaches most closely to the Catholic ideal in sacred music; that is, the union of words and music that makes each the complement of the other. There is little or nothing to suggest that the composer has based his style on the ancient church modes, but there is much to suggest the influence of the purest style of polyphonic music in the oratorio.

"Sanctus Franciscus" opens without any overture or orchestral introduction. In massive volume the combined voices and orchestra begin the chorus:

*Regi quae fecit opera Christo confiteantur,
Cuius in sancto vulnera Francisco renovantur.*

and both in the words and in the music the *motif* of the whole work is heard. In the first part of the oratorio the note of war is sounded, followed by the lamentations of the women of Assisi, and the sorrowful chant of Francis as he lies in prison, and it ends with a burst of chorus work on the words *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas*.

The artistic skill of the composer is, however, best to be judged by reference to the third part of the oratorio, the soliloquies of St. Francis and St. Clare. Fortunately the libretto has been compiled by a priest, and the score composed by a devout musician; in other hands it could very easily have degenerated into the merest banal sentimentality. The vocal part is preceded by a solemn passage in which the clarinets and other wood wind-instruments weave a spell of soft and filmy texture into a background for the scene which is to be enacted. As the moment grows more intense the strings enter, at first lightly, as a warm glow creeping across a gray sky. Then they gather in power and intensity, an atmosphere of great spiritual emotion is evoked, and when the scene is set the voice of St. Francis is heard crying: "My heart has been taken from me; from the hands of divine love I have received a wound. All things are as nothing to me: farewell riches and luxuries. Love is all in all to me."

The voice of St. Clare is heard singing a canticle of mystical love, and then in a passage of extraordinary beauty, in which the combined use of wood wind and strings is employed as a setting for a libretto that bristles with emotional difficulties, St. Francis sings: *Veni de Libano, veni; coronaberis*.

Here is a pitfall for the musician. It would have been very easy for the composer to have worked up a sugary part for his instruments, perhaps over-coloring it in the effort to impart a sensuousness to the words. But Signor Ariani exercised the counsel of restraint that is one of the marks of the artist; he has subordinated sentimentality to sentiment, and has produced a combination of music and words that is a perfect interpretation of a mystical truth, a laying bare of the soul of Francis in his spiritual colloquy with St. Clare.

The presentation of the oratorio was all that could be desired, not only in the matter of the principals, but also in the augmented orchestra and the full chorus. It is doubtful whether the work can be given with the same amount of technical perfection outside of a great city, but in the interests of sacred music, and in the interests of creative art generally, it is to be hoped that Signor Ariani may have other opportunities to conduct in person this great work which, by its restrained treatment of a somewhat difficult theme, and by its conservative use of modern methods, is an important contribution to the sum of Catholic church music.

In conducting the oratorio Signor Ariani manifested all an artist's intelligence, temperament and sympathy. At times in the massed effects of the choral parts he seemed slightly to overtax the power of instruments and voice. But with catching enthusiasm, a sincerity and spontaneity of emotion responsive to every mood, he never failed to bring out the wealth, harmony and dramatic values of a finely conceived and truly creative work.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Character and Temperament

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for September 16, under the above caption, there appeared a letter from Mr. J. D. Russell, which took exception to some remarks made by Dr. Austin O'Malley in an article, with the same title, in AMERICA for August 26. Among other things, Mr. Russell says: "The good doctor also states that at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion in opposition to the enemy, and because of that opposition, continuous on the part of the Irish, religion has become a habit." It would be a gross injustice to the Irish Celtic race to conclude, that it has ever been, even in the state of paganism, deficient in instinctive reverence and spirituality; and in this connection Mr. Russell either misrepresents or misinterprets Dr. O'Malley's purpose and meaning.

That the persecutions of the Irish under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the people as a whole being Catholic, intensified their devotion to the Faith, will readily be conceded, but that "at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion" is historically false. From the fifth to the sixteenth centuries, temples raised to the worship and glory of God, the ruins of which are to be seen all over the land, proclaimed the undying veneration of the race for God and their keen realization of the life beyond the grave. This is fully attested by the preservation of these temples to the present day. No cairn, or *rath* or *lis* is defiled by human exploitation, but remains today as in the days of long-ago, when pagan warriors and worshipers assembled to light the fires of Baal. In this connection the grand "pillar towers of Ireland" should not be forgotten. Though pagan in origin, and probably constructed for worship in pagan rites, they have been used for centuries as temples of the true worship. The Cross has supplanted the worship of Baal.

It may be conceded that the ardent love of the Faith, which is characteristic of Irishmen, received an added incentive to withstand Protestantism in the fact that it was propagated by the foreign invader. A proof of this is to be found in the word *Sassanach*, which in one term combines the name and the religion of the Saxon. More than twenty years ago, in the *Dublin Nation*, a controversy was carried on between the editor of the paper, the late A. M. Sullivan, M.P., and Father Tom Burke, the justly celebrated Dominican. The former contended that Irish nationality had preserved the religious spirit of the people, the latter held that it was religion that had preserved the distinctive national spirit. Were this controversy to find a publisher at the present day, it would be very interesting reading.

Oakland, Cal.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

An Open Letter to a Professor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would you be so good as to publish in your Communications Department the following open letter to a professor of history? It contains a protest which, it seems to me, will have interest for your readers.

Boston.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

PROF. HENRY KALLOCK ROWE, PH.D.,
Associate Professor of History and Sociology,
Newton Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass.

DEAR SIR:

Looking through your recent volume "Society, Its Origin and Development," I came across a statement which I question. On page seventy-six you say: "... the Cath-

olic Church threw about marriage the veil of sanctity, by making it one of the Seven Sacraments. As a sacrament, wedlock was indissoluble, except as money or influence induced the Church to turn back the key which it alone possessed."

Your statement is of especial interest to me at the present time, as I am at work on an address entitled "From Herod to Carranza: The Attack on the Family." As a consequence I have been investigating the subject rather fully. The more I study the matter, the more do I find the conclusion I arrived at before becoming a Catholic, forced home upon me, namely, that in doctrine and in discipline the Catholic Church is the one institution that has maintained the dignity and the sanctity of marriage with uncompromising firmness against wealthy and influential individuals, against nations great and small, and against those bodies that have sought to divert her from her course. I have failed to discover any data on which the contrary opinion might be based. I shall be greatly obliged if you will favor me with citations which bear out your contention.

Again, in my researches into the Catholic Church's attitude toward matrimony, I have found nothing that warrants your assertion that the Catholic Church made marriage a Sacrament. The Council of Trent and preceding Councils defined the meaning of the sacrament, but did not institute it or make it one of the Seven.

Throughout the ages, I have found the Popes maintaining the same position, namely, that a marriage contract once validly made and consummated is dissolved by death alone. I cannot find in history any sanction for your assertion that money and influence are determining factors in the Catholic Church's decisions on questions of wedlock. The evidence is all the other way. A few instances in point are as follows: Pope Nicholas I and King Lothair; Pope Urban II and Philip I of France; Pope Innocent III, who laid the entire kingdom of France under interdict in order to defend the integrity of the marriage of Ingeburga; St. Peter Damian and Henry IV of Germany; Pope Clement VII and the English Bluebeard, Henry VIII; Pope Pius VII and Napoleon Bonaparte; the same Pope's defense of the marriage of Miss Patterson of Baltimore; and the recent refusal of Popes Pius X and Benedict XV to declare null and void the marriage of Count Boni de Castellane to Anna Gould.

With all due courtesy therefore I submit that a professor of history and sociology, in an institution where theological teachers are trained, cannot in conscience afford to make unwarranted charges against the one institution that has sacrificed much property and the friendship of whole kingdoms, in defense of the Sacrament of matrimony, as instituted by Christ.

I shall await with interest your reply to my request for the authority upon which you claim to base your assertions.

Very truly yours,

Boston.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

M. L. S. and Cardinal Gasquet

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to call attention to an error in a statement which occurs in a letter published in your issue of September 9, and signed M. L. S. The writer asserts "Cardinal Gasquet was selected by the Holy Father to be at the head of the Commission for the new English translation of the Vulgate, not only for his learning in ancient languages, but for his eminent knowledge of his own, the English language." This statement contains an error both of fact and inference. The Commission over which the Cardinal so worthily presides has for sole object the establishment of the authentic text of St. Jerome's Vulgate. There is no question of a new translation of the Vulgate, a matter which in any case would primarily concern the English-speaking Episcopate, not the Holy Father. Probably M. L. S. has confused Cardinal Gasquet's Commission with an unofficial enterprise frequently commended in your columns, the new English translation of the Bible from the originals, now in progress, and styled the "Westminster Version."

London.

J. K.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Word to Subscribers

WITH this issue AMERICA enters upon its sixteenth volume, full of hope and courage. A little over seven years ago the paper began life, firm set in the determination to spare no effort in the defense and propagation of the lofty principles for which the Church is sponsor.

During all this time the paper has been true to its mission, despite difficulties that often appeared well-nigh insurmountable. And now that the days of doubt and grinding struggle have happily passed, it is but fitting to pay tribute to those whose loyalty has bridged the chasm and made smooth the rough way—AMERICA's subscribers. These men and women, widely scattered throughout the world, constitute a faithful, enthusiastic host that grows larger each day. To them, good friends that they are, is due the paper's success. Their constant support has been a consolation in trial, their kindly advice, a light in darkness. However, they must not think that their work is done. They have accomplished much but more is expected of them. According to their words they have profited by the paper, they have found delight in it.

But they must not be content with this. There are others in need of profit and pleasure, men and women of education and culture who would also be ardent supporters of AMERICA, did they but know the paper. Lawyers and doctors would profit by its articles on ethics, teachers by its articles on pedagogy, sociologists by its articles on sociology, and so on for many kinds of people interested in Catholic thought.

All these folk could easily be brought into the ranks of interested readers by our subscribers. And we feel sure that those who have been so constant in AMERICA's support will be active in recruiting new friends for the paper. If by Christmas time each subscriber has added but one name to our roster, we shall begin the New Year, not only in renewed and strengthened courage, but with high hopes of achieving great things for the

cause of religion and morality. Here is a work of zeal for our many supporters: we are sure that they can and will accomplish the task of adding 25,000 new names to our subscription list, a small work for a large army, but a work which will be fruitful in blessings both for those who accomplish it and for those for whom it is accomplished. For the rest the Editors pledge themselves anew to their high purpose and confidently commit the career of AMERICA, in its new and more practical form, to the care of those who have watched over it with intelligent solicitude from the beginning—its subscribers.

Again the Censorship

SOME weeks ago a film was shown in private to a gathering of New York's most eminent "uplifters." The scenes depicted were shocking in the extreme. In consequence, vigorous protests were lodged with the municipal authorities by many citizens interested in the repression of public disorder.

It so happens that one of the officers of the offending film company is a Catholic, a man of many and varied business activities. His interest in the company he regarded as a financial investment, but he had no reason to believe that his money would be used in the production of improper pictures. Finding that his confidence had been misplaced, his action was instant and to the point. He demanded that the film be destroyed. The demand was refused. The film was good property, and even if condemned in New York, might be profitably exploited outside the city and State. This Catholic gentleman then announced his intention of bringing the matter to the attention of the police, were any attempt made to show the film. Furthermore, he withdrew from the company, although his action will cost him not less than \$20,000.

The highest praise that can be given this gentleman is that he acted like a Catholic. The most obvious comment on the refusal of the producers to condemn a film severely arraigned by scores of reputable citizens, is that we need not only a local, but a national censorship of moving-pictures.

This grossly improper film may yet be publicly exhibited in New York. As in the case of a similar film, finally condemned by Judge Cohalan on September 22, legal suppression can be secured only after a contest in the courts. In the meantime, as the District Attorney remarked on that occasion, the "vice mongers" who produce the film reap a harvest by advertising the legal action against their immoral picture. Furthermore, the latter film is now being shown in other cities. A sane, efficient local censorship would have forbidden it at the point of origin. A national censorship would have prevented its transportation into other States. But, under the present system, the "vice mongers" are able to base an appeal to salacity on the fact that the film was legally suppressed in the metropolis.

"This new traffic" comments the *Los Angeles Times*, "is not to be induced by crude plays about the gutter. In real life we do not care for dives, and we do not care for the companionship of those who inhabit dives." Perhaps not; but too large a portion of the populace is willing to consort with the scum of humanity in novels, on the stage, and particularly in the moving-picture. Purveyors of public amusement are fully alive to this fact. Money is their goal, not "art" or "education." It is high time that these rapacious harpies, the "white slavers" of the film world, be made to feel that liberty is not license, and that even in a land of near-license the law has power to forbid and punish public violations of decency.

The Irish Relief Fund

IT is a familiar saying, often spoken in jest and lightly, but for all that rooted in truth, that God loves the Irish. His affection is writ large over every page of their history. The chastening that Scripture assures us is the sign of God's favor has been theirs in abundance, and the measure of it has been in accord with their courage, pressed down and overflowing. Their sorrows, which have tinged their national disposition, the most buoyant in the world, with an abiding melancholy and have made their women's eyes, laughing Irish eyes, ever misty with repressed but remembered tears, have been borne for justice's sake, and have had their promised reward. As a race, and in their representative individuals, the Irish have never strayed far from the Kingdom of God. At home the blood of their martyrs has been the seed of a steadfast Christianity; and abroad, for they too have had their diaspora, they have carried out the clear design of Divine Providence and made known to the Gentiles that there is no other God besides him.

Nor have the Irish been able to forget, in their dispersion, the home of their ancestors. They have acquired wealth and prominence and influence in many lands; they have seen their children and their children's children gather round the family hearth; they have enjoyed much of the world's good things; but it is a rare Irish heart that does not often go out in yearning to the green grass, in which alone the shamrock, the symbol of the Triune God, loves to grow; it is a rare Irish heart that does not brood at times with active, munificent sympathy over the poverty and suffering that still overshadow the "old sod."

No shield in all the books of heraldry has a greater right to the device, and no banner in the halls of fame has a greater claim to the motto, *Deo et Patriae*, than the Irish. It sums up all Irish history. Wherever they have gone the Irish have raised churches and cathedrals to God; and when their country has asked for sacrifice, they have been prodigal both of their purses' store and their hearts' blood. With courage therefore may the Irish Relief Fund open its great bazaar in Madison

Square Garden, New York, on October 14, confident that this new appeal to charity will find a ready answer.

Ireland, at present, is in sore need of assistance. Her homes are desolate; widows are grieving for their husbands, mothers for their sons, sisters for their brothers, maidens for those who have plighted them their troth; the men who have hitherto kept the wolf from the door have either gone down into the silent city of the dead or else are lying helpless on beds of pain. Ireland's great heart has sent out a cry for help, and the answer, phrased in money, is being prepared in New York, the city of charity, that ever hearkens to all in distress. Ireland is calling from over the sea. With *Deo et Patriae* as a motive, what Irishman can harden his heart?

The Food of Our Souls

IN a recent number of a magazine, edited in the interests of "the Catholic party" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a layman pleads for the introduction "into the Church of the Reserved Sacrament." The temper of the writer is devout, his spirit genuinely reverent. To him the "Reserved Sacrament" is a channel of grace. He cannot understand why this channel should be closed to him and to his brethren, when sickness prevents attendance at church, or when death, from some sudden accident, is imminent. He does not dare propose "daily celebrations of the Holy Eucharist," though he thinks this desirable.

It is not easy to follow the mind of this devout layman. He hungers for the Blessed Sacrament; he insists upon "reverence before the Reserved Sacrament"; he sharply criticizes the Bishop of Vermont, who holds that the "Reserved Sacrament" will be an impossibility, so long as "reservation for the purposes of adoration is practised and widely advocated." Yet in spite of this position, he "has no desire to see introduced a practice 'which the House of Bishops has wisely condemned.'" The condemned rite, referred to by this writer, who, if words count for anything, is a true lover of Our Eucharistic Lord, is "Benediction"!

"Devotions" introduced by zealous but callow Anglican curates, by tolerance of complaisant rectors, and in the absence of any authoritative guide, may often be fantastic or even blasphemous. Quite possibly, this pious layman has some such incongruity in mind. He can hardly be acquainted with the beautiful, touching ceremony which all Catholics know and love. For that is a function which filled the heart and soul of a man like Newman, with a devotion which has issued forth in one of the noblest paragraphs in English literature. It has a special message for the poor. It lightens the yoke of the ignorant laborer, gives solace and rest to those that suffer; and, as in the silence, Christ is lifted up before His people, the souls of the adoring multitude are brought back to that bitter yet happy day, when on Calvary He was spent for our salvation.

Only in Christ's true Church can this Gift of Gifts, this Food of our souls, be valued at its true worth. For only on her altars is offered throughout every moment of the day and night, the unbloody Sacrifice in propitiation for the sins of the world. Under her roof alone are gathered fittingly and with dignity, all God's gifts of silver and gold and fine linen, and flowers and incense, and music and poetry, to do honor to the Body of His Son given for us. Only at her Table is set the great Banquet, the Bread that maketh fat, the Wine springing forth virgins, the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of Jesus Christ.

The Spanish Pioneers

AMERICA can never forget the debt of gratitude which she owes to the Discoverer of the New World. But, side by side with Columbus, or closely following in the wake of his caravels, there rise before us the chivalrous figures of the men who, building on the corner-stone he had laid, reared the mighty fabric of a new empire in the West. They are the Spanish pioneers, and Columbus Day is a fitting occasion to recall the memory of their epic achievements.

Guided by the banners of Spain, her indomitable soldiery mustered from Castile and Leon, cradled on the heights of the Asturias or in the sunny Andalusian vales, discovered the whole of the great South American continent. Northward, the clank of their martial footsteps reechoed under the palms of Florida and through the primeval silences of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Wherever they went they carved out empires, built cities that were almost unrivaled in population or wealth, in the Europe of their day, substituted Christianity and civilization for the horrors of pagan rites, and introduced law and order. Almost a hundred years before the Anglo-Saxon had settled on the shores of Virginia or New England, the pioneers of Cortez had conquered Mexico, while a few years after, Pizarro had presented Peru and the wealth of the Incas to the Kings of Spain. Jamestown and Plymouth were unknown and undreamt of when the war horses of De Soto slaked their thirst in the waters of the Mississippi. More than half a century before the sails of Hawkins or Drake flecked with their shadows the waves of the Pacific, Balboa had gazed in wonder on that mighty expanse and Spanish galleons were bearing across its waters the gold, the commerce, the teeming wealth of the New World.

The Spanish pioneers were conquerors, explorers, statesmen. Pinzon discovered Brazil, Almagro and Valdivia conquered Chile, Orellana sailed down the Amazon from the Andes to the sea, Ordaz explored the Orinoco, Magellan's ship, the "Victoria," manned by a Spanish crew and captained by a Spaniard, Sebastiano del Cano, was the first to circumnavigate the globe. In Mexico Mendoza became the model of viceroys, Las Casas the type and pattern of the apostle and the priest.

But the knights of Spain were not only the discoverers, the explorers, and the colonizers of kingdoms, they were their civilizers and first educators. They opened the first schools in the New World. There were Spanish schools for Indians in Mexico in 1524. In 1575, more than half a century before a single book had been published in the English colonies, many books in twelve Indian languages had been printed in the City of Mexico. In 1551, "fifty-six years before the English settlers landed in Jamestown, fifty-eight years before Hudson sailed into the Bay of New York, and sixty-nine years before the Mayflower touched the shores of New England," the oldest university in the New World, that of San Marcos, was founded by Spaniards in Lima, while her sister university, that of the City of Mexico, was founded and endowed two years after.

These dim outlines only suggest the fine story of Spain's epoch-making achievements in the New World. Impartial history cannot forget or dwarf its importance. And while Americans fittingly dedicate the twelfth of October to the memory of the great pathfinder and discoverer, they will give that festival a larger and a truer meaning, if they link with the name of Columbus, the names of his pupils and followers, the explorers and civilizers of the two Americas, the Spanish Catholic pioneers.

The Children's Protectors

"**W**OE to him that is alone." But if the man who by himself is weak and helpless can only secure the protecting friendship of the strong, he need fear no harm. The Evangelist St. Matthew records that, on a certain occasion, just after Our Saviour had expounded His uncompromising doctrine regarding the sin of scandal and particularly the necessity of taking the most drastic measures to avoid scandalizing children, He ended His exhortation with this solemn warning: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you, that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." The Prophet Daniel beheld in a vision these throngs of radiant spirits about God's throne: "Thousands of thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him." Nor is Scripture silent about the wondrous power and beauty of these Guardian Angels who are "sent to minister to them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." They are constantly passing from heaven to earth on errands of justice and mercy. It was an Angel that led Lot from Sodom and Peter from prison. It was an Angel that protected the avenging Judith and that gave healing power to the Pool of Probatika. It was an Angel that brought the pestilence on David's people and that threw back the stone of Our Saviour's sepulcher. It was an Angel too whose beauty was so dazzling that St. John took him to be God Himself.

This is the month in which the Church especially reminds the Faithful of the existence, nature, and office of these strong, bright spirits in order that we may better realize the worth and dignity of the souls committed to the Angels' care. For of every child of Adam it is written: "He hath given his angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." But particularly dear to these heavenly guardians are the souls of little children which they unweariedly strive to keep innocent and pure. When they stand before God's throne they offer Him like fragrant incense the prayers that every mother makes for her little ones, and these watchful spirits also do their utmost to protect their beloved charges from moral peril and bodily harm. But the Guardian Angels would grieve bitterly, if grieve they could, to see how often all their efforts to protect boys and girls are rendered ineffective by careless Catholics who unconcernedly neglect to give their little ones a religious education or who exercise no supervision over their children's companions, reading, amusements, and recreations. Such parents would show a true and solid devotion to the Holy Angels just by giving those watchful guardians a little help in protecting the young.

LITERATURE

The Troubled Standard

THE famous author sank gracefully—he did everything gracefully—into the deep office chair, and took a manuscript from its fine leather case. "The serial is done at last," he said casually, "and I am willing to give you first option on it, as you asked."

"Very kind of you indeed," said the editor of the *Cosmopolite*, rubbing his hands. Editors, be it noted, are always rubbing something; when it isn't their hands, it's the public's fur or the best-loved sections out of one's favorite copy.

"The theme," went on the author, spreading the manuscript over his ample knee, "is a phase of the modern ethical problem of the sexes."

"Ah," commented the editor, beaming as hard as a Cheshire cat, "the eternal triangle, I presume?"

"No," corrected the author, "the single standard of morality."

"Even better," said the editor, beaming as hard as several Cheshire cats, "and eminently in keeping with the progressive tone of the *Cosmopolite*. The single standard of morality for men and women has been one of the *Cosmopolite's* proudest battles.

"So I have noticed." There was a peculiar glint in the author's eye as it lifted for a moment to the cold, masterful man in fashion's most recent raiment, who sat imperially at his glossy mahogany desk. Literary gossip had it that more than one clever young author had auctioned off his soul to the bidding of this skilful master of magazines. They had gone from him with fat checks near their

hearts and a stock of fine moral cant on their lips; but their muse had trailed her robes in the mire.

"My heroine," went on the author, "is, of course, charming in every sense."

"Good! I shall get Mr. Kristie to do the illustrations. His heads are really remarkable. And the public so takes to a heroine who has personal charm."

"Precisely," the author agreed. "Consequently, my heroine is a woman of spotless virtue at the beginning—"

"Of course!"

"At the middle—"

"And at the conclusion."

A momentary hiatus in the conversation followed. The editor moved a delicate ivory Japanese paper-knife from one side of his desk to the other. Then he said: "Perhaps you will be willing to read a section or two from your work before we get to further details."

"Delighted! Let me take the passage where Dorothy lays down her ideas on the double standard. She is talking to a chum of her boarding-school days who has decided to marry a man to reform him. The chum pleads that she had no right to blame her lover, for after all not so much can be expected of a man's virtue as of a woman's; for one does not ask the same moral standard for both. Dorothy speaks."

The author began to read with all the delicate perception of emphasis and shading that a man can throw about a treasured composition.

"Grace," Dorothy spoke with an intense conviction which tightened the hands that lay clasped in her lap and brightened the color in her cheek, "don't you see that just that way of looking at men is responsible for half the world's moral ills? We girls let a man know that we expect him to sow his wretched wild oats. We pet him fresh from his follies, and mother him when unrepenting he comes to us with sin befouling his very breath. We set ourselves lofty standards of virtue, and then we set no standards at all for our men. Can we expect a man to be clean for our sakes when he knows we ourselves do not expect it? In the palms of your hand and mine, Grace, lies the destiny of some man; let him know that you expect your knight to be *sans reproche*. The same standard you set for yourself you must set for him; and if he wants your love, force him to reach your heights."

"Oh, no! Grace; there aren't Ten Commandments for women and none for men. Sin is not unpardonable in women and a bit of foolish thoughtlessness in men. Women must wipe out their sins with blood and tears; men cannot cancel theirs with a laugh. I believe in the single standard of morality, and the man I marry must prove that he can climb up to the standards which I have set myself. I may never marry. But at least, I shall not spoil some man's life by making sin negligible in his eyes."

The author paused and glanced from his paper. In the editor's hands, the paper-cutter was swaying gently to and fro with a sort of hypnotic motion which seemed to fascinate him. Suddenly, as if just conscious of the pause, he dropped the knife. "Ah?" he inquired. "You were going to read another section?"

"Yes," said the author. "A suitor comes, and with

him, love. Idyllic days follow, and then the heart-rending discovery of a moral lapse in the lover's past. She asks quite calmly about it; he admits the fault, but pleads youthful levity, the thoughtlessness of ebullient manhood, and finally, as she grows cold, he blurts out that she cannot expect the same virtue from a man that she demands of a woman. Let me read:

Dorothy's fingers had been turning her ring, his engagement ring, slowly, meditatively. She was silent, and the ring was a tangible thing to which she seemed to cling. Then she spoke quietly.

"If you had not said that, I might have forgiven you. If you had come to me with tears in your heart and said: 'It was a crime; may God forgive me!' I might have forgiven you too. But can I trust a man who has one standard of virtue for himself and another for me? I had rather a thousand times never marry! Man and woman stand in equal scales of God's balance. Yes, I could hope for a man who knew his sin and hated it; I cannot hope for one who forgets his sin and apologizes for it. Here is your ring." Though her hand was steady, her heart beat wildly. "Good-by!"

A mad protest leaped to his lips. "You cannot mean good-by. I have sinned; but I did as others do, and they have found forgiveness in the hearts of those who loved them."

"And, because they know that those who love them forgive, they sin with a light heart and a giddy mind. We women are all too often to blame. We let you fancy we hold sin cheap and forgiveness light. If I have lived to teach one man that virtue is priceless in a man and in a woman, I shall rest content with my life. Good-by."

The editor pitched the cutter from him sharply. "She's a bit of a prig, don't you think?"

"Meaning a stickler for purity? Ah, I see you don't fancy my story."

"Well, to be perfectly frank, it's a little bit 'preachy.'"

"So are all problem novels; so is every ethical novel you have published for the past five years."

"Perhaps; but this is a rather unpopular viewpoint."

"Not with the Creator, I should fancy."

The editor spreads his fingers deprecatingly. "If I may be pardoned a slight irreverence, the Creator does not buy popular magazines."

"True," assented the author, "but I thought that the single standard of morality was one of the *Cosmopolite's* proudest battles."

"Not precisely from that angle; you see —"

The author carefully opened his case and placed his manuscript within. "Really, I've taken up enough of your time. But do you know, it had often occurred to me that the *Cosmopolite* believes not so much in a single standard of morality as a single standard of immorality? Its heroes are not trying to be as good as its heroines; but its women are trying to gain the right to be as bad as its men. Frankly, I'm very glad that you have not been able to accept my story. Now I can allow my children to read my views on the double standard of morality. And you know, even with my story in it, I could not allow the *Cosmopolite* to be put into the hands of my daughters. For I want their single standard to be the single standard of virtue, not of vice."

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Whole Truth About Mexico: President Wilson's Responsibility. By FRANCISCO BULNES. Authorized translation by Dora Scott. New York, 810 Broadway: The Bulnes Book Co. \$1.50.

The writer of this book, as the "author's biography," inserted before the preface, states, was "Representative and Senator in the Mexican Congress for thirty years; chairman at various times of the Senate and House of Representatives," besides being a civil and mining engineer, editor of *La Libertad*, author of "Las Grandes Mentiras de Nuestra Historia," and discharging many other legislative and educational offices. So it can be safely presumed that Mr. Bulnes knows Mexico well, and his history of the revolution that is still raging there, his sketches of prominent Mexicans, and his graphic description of the country's wretched condition at this moment, should have great weight with fair-minded Americans who are eager to know the truth about Mexico.

The author believes that his country's sorrows are largely due to its climate. The infertility of vast tracts of Mexico's soil makes famine a constant danger. But a small portion of the largest estates can be cultivated. Out of 6,000,000 hectares of land on one large plantation, only 4,000 hectares are arable. Mr. Bulnes has important disclosures to make about the character of Mexican Masonry, and attests that the Mexican Protestant minister is looked upon by society "as a hungry beggar unable to earn his living in a more fitting way than by exploiting religion, or as a knave . . . who tries this as a last resort to keep his social standing." The author does not belong to the Catholic party, but this is what he told Madero about its members:

They are educated and intelligent; they accept the Constitution and the separation of Church and State. . . . The Catholic clergy has no end in view but that of introducing religious instruction into the schools, and would be satisfied even if this instruction were not to be made obligatory.

Mr. Bulnes says that there is no proof that the Mexican Catholic clergy has, as a body, ever mixed in politics, though priests have, of course, exercised the right to vote which the Constitution gives Mexican citizens. The "politicians' opposition to the Church, in his opinion, is their realization that "they cannot be the controlling power in a real, or even in a corrupt, democracy so long as the majority of the Mexicans are Catholics, and this explains their anxiety to destroy Catholicism among the popular classes by any and every means." The author makes it clear that he holds President Wilson chiefly responsible for the condition of Mexico today, and does not mince words when he points out the mistakes the Administration has made. More temperate language than that Mr. Bulnes sometimes uses would, no doubt, be better, but it must be remembered that he is a patriotic Mexican, who is writing the sad story of his country's ruin.

W. D.

The Eighteenth Century. By CASIMIR STRYIENSKI. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

AMERICA has already reviewed two volumes of the series "The National History of France" to which this book also belongs. The praise which has been accorded the preceding works on the Renaissance and the French Revolution, we must also give to this fine historical study of M. Stryienski. To the biographer and the historian who would learn how to make the dry facts of history throb with life under his pen and bring the actors of the great drama of the past, not as puppets or manikins, but living personalities before the reader, and thus breathe life and interest into what too often is a mere catalogue of dry-as-dust facts, a preliminary reading of M. Stryienski's "Eighteenth Century" is recommended.

The author is not a Frenchman by birth, but he is a master of all the delicate arts of French style, and an adept in the soundest methods of the best school of French history. He is clear, brief, dramatic and picturesque. He has everywhere tried to be impartial and by hewing close to the line marked out to him by the stirring facts he records, he has on the whole succeeded. Catholic readers would not subscribe to all the author's verdicts on the men and the movements whom he studies but it is evident from the tone of sincerity and truth felt throughout, that he has made an effort to be objective.

Readers of this splendid work will feel as if they were treading the mazes of some fairy and gorgeous palace of the eighteenth century glittering with overwrought ornament, ceiling and wall flashing back unsubstantial beauty and semi-pagan art, all giving the impression of an empty mockery and a coming tragedy. The rumblings of the terrible storm which was to break at the end of the century are felt throughout the book. The "deluge" to which Louis XV so cynically referred was soon to pour its waters over the land and in its mad rush sweep away the throne. M. Stryenski does not deal very much in abstract historical soliloquy. In picture, reflection, analysis, he is pithy and brief. But he knows how to connect events and movements with their underlying causes. There can be no doubt that the unfortunate Louis XV was to a great extent responsible for some, at least, of the crimes which followed his shameless reign. He was a well-head of corruption for the whole kingdom.

The "Eighteenth Century," like M. Battifol's book on the "Renaissance," has been crowned by the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques". The book deserves that high approval. It is serious in tone and treatment. God, immortality, the soul, are not meaningless words for the author; men, in his eyes are not the mere puppets of fate, but responsible beings amenable to law, reason and faith. M. Stryenski has seen the eighteenth century, the century of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, the Encyclopédie, Beaumarchais, Watteau, Fragonard and Gluck, from the true historical angle and has reflected with rare skill and trained craftsmanship its many-sided activities, its good and evil, its tinsel glamor and deepening gloom. J. C. R.

Somewhere in Red Gap. By HARRY LEON WILSON. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.

Petey Simmons at Siwash. By GEORGE FITCH. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

American humor, or what now passes for it, demands a large stage on which to display its antics. There is nothing restrained about it, or crepuscular, nor does it deal in faint, deft nuances. On the contrary, it is dynamic, kinetic, and rises to the height of its art, when grandfather falls down a flight of stairs to collide with a piano which, with a musical crash, promptly flattens him. But it is all in the open, happily, and if not delicately artistic, it is rarely artistically indelicate. Which in these days of voracious printing-presses, is a blessing beyond price.

Mr. Wilson's collection of short stories concerning many of the individuals introduced to the world last year in "Ruggles of Red Gap," will please all who favor humor of the slap-stick variety. The average reader, however, will probably retire from the struggle before reaching the terminal, page 408. Life is short, and Mr. Wilson's art is too long. "Ma Pettengill is never idly facetious," says the author. It is a true bill. "Ma" labors at her humor; conscientiously, but heavily, and when the overworked pinions droop, "Ma" drops to a plane of staleness, not untouched with coarseness. "Cousin Egbert" too, would be the better for a brief vacation.

"Petey Simmons at Siwash" is above the average of college stories. "Petey" is not always a young unwashed barbarian at play. He has his sober moments from time to time, and

realizing that a college education has its advantages, delivers himself of such sentiments as these:

It did a lot for all of us, too. There is nothing in college that can touch the literary society for teaching a man to get up and slam a few choice, handpicked sentiments into the other fellow at a moment's warning. . . . If I were a boy again and wanted to start out for the President's chair, I'd join a good literary society in a small college, and bang away for four years. It's the best recipe I know.

The setting may displease the fastidious, but the sentiment is genuine. "Petey" also realizes that it is not a bad plan to force even "a college man" to study, whether he likes the process or not. In this realization, he is centuries beyond, or behind, the opinion of his age.

P. L. B.

Nationality in Modern History. By J. HOLLAND ROSE. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

As the author of this book says very well in his preface: "A careful study of past and present conditions is the first requisite for success in the construction of the healthier European polity which ought to emerge from the present conflict". It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. J. Holland Rose, when collecting the material for these lectures, omitted to lay sufficient stress on the full meaning of the word "careful". That he should fail somewhat in impartiality when judging of more recent conditions can be easily understood in view of the supreme test to which his spirit of patriotism as an Englishman is now being put. But to offer, in explanation of the reason why the binding influences of Christianity did not group together in a solid polity the barbarous tribes that over-ran Europe, the statement that "the Successors of St. Peter contended for supremacy with the heirs of the Caesars, with results fatal both to the Papacy and to the Holy Roman Empire" is merely to give us an old Protestant legendary account instead of history. One result of the bias displayed in this instance is that no notice is taken in the whole book of the specious appeal made by princes at the time of the Reformation to the spirit of nationalism for the purpose of rending the unity of Christendom which previous to that event was far nearer complete reality than it has ever been since. The book will be found full of good suggestions for one who already knows history, but it could scarcely be recommended as a safe source of information for one not equipped with a pretty wide and thorough knowledge of past events.

M. I. X. M.

Heart Songs and Home Songs. By DENIS A. MCCARTHY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

Two former volumes by Mr. McCarthy have already assured him of a sympathetic audience for his muse; and this book of verse will be welcomed by his world of readers. Simplicity in structure, and the plain homeliness of tender emotions and moral observations characterize this new collection. America is the theme of many of the pieces; and Ireland is sung of with the full charm of rhythm and rhyme. Children, too, will find the poet has remembered them, if not in lines that glow with the iridescent splendor of Francis Thompson's child songs, surely with the naiveté and simple measures of Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. While the didactic moralizations about country and citizenship are worthy and timely, Mr. McCarthy seems happiest in his flowing Irish meters and sentiment. Intimate and lovable pictures look out from many of the pages, like this from the "Little Town of Carrick":

An' the ould Main Street o' Carrick, sure, it isn't like Broadway;

'Tisn't choked with trucks of thrassic an' with limousines of pride;

You can cross it at your leisure,

An' you'll always find with pleasure

That, whichever way you cross it, there's a friend on either side.

M. E.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Atlantic Classics" (Atlantic Monthly Co., \$1.25) is an attractive volume containing sixteen well-chosen essays contributed by as many authors during the past few years to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Agnes Repplier is here with her excellent paper "Our Lady Poverty," Cornelia A. P. Comer on "Intensive Living," Simeon Strunsky on "The Street," and Meredith Nicholson on "The Provincial American." "The Other Side" is a sane protest against the "muck-raker," while "Fiddlers Errant" and "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" are in a lighter vein. The contributors to the volume seldom go very deeply into a subject, but they write with wit, charm and distinction.

"Prayer: Its Necessity, Its Power, Its Conditions" (Herder, \$1.00), the latest volume of Father Ferreol Girardery, C. SS. R., explains persuasively the Church's doctrine on prayer, takes from the Gospel a dozen practical lessons in prayer, and gives some selections from Father Bronchain's meditations. The author proves that those who pray with faith, wisdom, attention, humility, earnestness, confidence, perseverance, and with a pure heart, are sure to have their petitions granted. Father Thomas P. Brown, the Provincial of the St. Louis Redemptorists, contributes the preface and deservedly praises the venerable author for the ascetical works he has written.

Maurice Hewlett's "Love and Lucy" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.35) is a well-written, leisurely, psychological narrative of how a cold, supercilious lawyer lost his heart to his own wife. But as their renewal of affection is brought about through another man's guilty passion for Lucy, the author leaves himself open to the charge of using a well-known "Jesuitical" principle.—"Jim—Unclassified" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.35) by Robert J. Kelly, is a romance dedicated to Jeffrey Farnol and partaking somewhat of his method. The plot is based on the efforts of Jim, the supposed son of an inn-keeper, to attain fame as an artist, and to uncover the secret of his parentage. The characters, especially Doctor Redcar, though perhaps overdrawn, are well executed. While melodramatic in tone, the situations and incidents turn more on chance happenings than on logical developments.

"Joseph Conrad; a Biography and a Critical Estimate of His Works" (Holt, \$0.50) by Hugh Walpole is a little book that will doubtless satisfy the many admirers of that gifted Polish-English novelist whose own life reads so much like a novel. Mr. Walpole considers Conrad the great exponent today of "romantic realism," points out with discernment the characteristics of his style and method, and advises those who would become enthusiastic readers of the novelist to begin with "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Lord Jim" or "Nostromo." Simplicity, fidelity, sobriety, and hatred of self-satisfaction, in Mr. Walpole's opinion, are Joseph Conrad's chief literary virtues, and he quotes approvingly from the novelist's "Reminiscences" the words, "Even before the most seductive reveries, I have remained mindful of that sobriety of interior life, that asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth, such as one conceives it, such as one feels it, can be rendered without shame."

In the studies of their training school, nurses constantly meet with references to important physical and chemical principles, and in the performance of their hospital and sick-room duties, have frequent need of the practical application of these principles. In "Physics and Chemistry for Nurses," (Putnam, \$1.75), Amy Elizabeth Pope has compiled from various sources the fundamental knowledge of these sciences which should be part of every nurse's equipment, enabling her to perform her

routine duties more intelligently from the insight afforded of the forces at work. Housekeepers, as well as nurses, might profitably read the chapters on the chemistry of cleaning, where the effect of detergents on different kinds of material is somewhat fully treated, and stains are classified and rational methods for their removal are suggested. Careful perusal and application by housewives of the chapters on the nature and nutritive values of common foods and on the simple chemical principles underlying cooking, would lessen the need for nurses and confer the boon of good digestion on many a household.

"Wind's Will" (Appleton, \$1.35) is the latest novel to come from the pens of those industrious collaborators, Agnes and Egerton Castle. Geoffrey Swifte, a British officer, went to France when the Napoleonic wars were over and lost his heart to Colinetti Nordi, a flower-girl of surpassing loveliness, who was most devout to Our Lady but was not at all averse to marrying a heretical *milor*. Thereupon the groom's noble relatives, particularly his cousin Augusta, who wanted him for herself, give the newly wedded pair no end of trouble. Many of the occurrences narrated take place, of course, only in books, but "Wind's Will" is a pleasant story.—"The Mystery of the Hated Man and Then Some," (Doran, \$1.25) "authored by the artist" James Montgomery Flagg, contains clever parodies of contemporary fictionists, interspersed with humorous sketches. When gathered into a book, magazine articles of this kind sometimes pall a little, but the excellent pictures help to carry the text.—"The Woman Gives" (Little, Brown, \$1.40) by Owen Johnson professes to teach "a high moral lesson," but the book, a vulgar, salacious and insufferably dull performance, is not worth considering seriously.

Mr. Stephen F. Hamblin's finely illustrated and diagrammed "Book of Garden Plans" (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00) contains a wealth of practical suggestions for the ambitious suburbanite who wishes to beautify a five-acre farm, a small lot, a pool of water, a mass of rock or who meditates a rose garden, a vine arbor or a poppy bed. There are twenty blueprint plans, each of which is furnished with a complete planting list of trees, shrubs and flowers, and the book is filled with garden-lore.—Mr. Horace Kephart did well to revise, enlarge and bring up to date his "Book of Camping and Woodcraft," which went through seven editions in ten years, and now comes out in a two-volume edition, of which the first, "Camping," (Outing Publishing Company, \$1.50) is at hand. No item of interest or use to campers has been omitted and yet the book is very far from being a mere catalogue or list of articles, the text at times rises almost to poetry, and stories of personal adventure enliven bits of experienced counsel. The book indicates that Mr. Kephart himself must be the happiest, healthiest and most helpful of campfellows.

In "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World" (Putnam, \$1.50) Edgar J. Banks recounts in a popular way the rise and fall of antiquity's greatest achievements. There are many things of which the ancients might well be proud, but the author, on the authority of Antipater limits the number to seven. Few people, today, could name them; yet they compare favorably with the modern skyscraper, while in art they have scarcely been equaled. The Pyramid of Khufu, with its sides measuring about ten city blocks, rose to twice the height of the Flatiron Building. The Pharos of Alexandria, a lighthouse, would overtop the Washington Monument, Washington. The Colossus of Rhodes, a figure in brass, was almost the size of the Statue of Liberty. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus covered more ground than St. Patrick's Cathedral, while its architecture was a marvel to the art-loving Greeks. The treatment is, in the main, clear and interesting.

The finest poem in "A Little Book of Irish Verse" (Dutton, \$0.60), which Albert C. White has edited, are the following stanzas by Katharine Tynan entitled "A Girl's Song":

The Meuse and Marne have little waves;
The slender poplars o'er them lean.
One day they will forget the graves
That give the grass its living green.

Some brown French girl the rose will wear
That springs above his comely head;
Will twine it in her russet hair,
Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose's veins,
His hair is in the yellow corn:
My grief is in the weeping rains
And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse;
Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep;
Fall tenderly, O silver dews,
For here my dear Love lies asleep.

The earth is on his sealed eyes,
The beauty marred that was my pride;
Would I were lying where he lies,
And sleeping sweetly by his side.

The spring will come by Meuse and Marne,
The birds be blithesome in the tree.
I heap the stones to make his cairn
Where many sleep as sound as he.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Benziger Brothers, New York:**
Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., D.D., with a Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. With 744 Illustrations in the Text, 48 Full-Page Inserts, and 3 Plans of Rome. \$10.00; Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, with Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Parts XVII and XVIII. \$0.35 each.
- Britton Publishing Co., New York:**
Georgina of the Rainbows. By Annie Fellows Johnston. \$1.25.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**
Damaris. By Lucas Malet. \$1.40; Watermeads. By Archibald Marshall. \$1.50; The Tutor's Story. By Charles Kingsley. \$1.35.
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**
The History of the Fabian Society. By Edward R. Pease. Illustrated. \$1.75; The Painters of Florence. By Julia Cartwright. Illustrated. \$1.50; The Cradle of Christianity; or, Some Account of the Times of Christ. By S. P. T. Prideaux, B.D., with a Foreword by Rev. John Vaughan. \$1.00.
- Harper & Brothers, New York:**
The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.35; The Rising Tide, a Novel. By Margaret Deland. Illustrated. \$1.35.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**
The Romance of the Martin Connor. By Oswald Kendall. \$1.25; Living for the Future, a Study in the Ethics of Immortality. By John Rothwell Slater, Ph.D. \$1.00; Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her. By William Elliot Griffis. \$1.25; Skinner's Dress Suit. Illustrations. By Henry Irving Dodge. \$1.00; Bird Friends, a Complete Bird Book for Americans. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Illustrated. \$2.00.
- Little, Brown & Co., Boston:**
Clover and Blue Grass. By Eliza Calvert Hall. \$1.25.
- The Macmillan Company, New York:**
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. \$1.50; La Salle. By Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. \$0.50; The Ideal Catholic Fifth Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. \$0.50.
- Princeton University Press, Princeton:**
The New Purchase. Edited by James A. Woodburn. \$2.00.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**
The More Excellent Way. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. \$1.35; A College Girl. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. Illustrated. \$1.25; To the Minute. By Anna Katharine Green. \$1.00; The Breath of the Dragon. By A. H. Fitch. \$1.35; The Golden Apple. By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. \$1.75.
- Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago:**
Shakespeare, with Introduction, Notes, and Questions for Review: Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Julius Caesar. By F. A. Purcell, D.D., and L. M. Somers, M.A. \$0.35 each.
- Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:**
Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. Illustrated. \$1.25.
- The Truth Seeker Company, New York:**
Eternity, World-War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion, and the Theory of Evolution. By Ernst Haeckel. \$1.25.
- Union and Times Press, Buffalo:**
Robert Kane's Schooldays. By Fred J. Kinney. \$1.20.
- Yale University Press, New Haven:**
The Tidings Brought to Mary. By Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. \$1.50.

EDUCATION

Jane Ashton Goes to School.

THESE are the sere October days when young Jane Ashton sets her matutinal course schoolwards. Jane Ashton, if subjected to cross-examination, would yield the information that her mental culture has reached the stage usually designated in our syllabi as "2A." She is, then, but a tender novice in this great game of education; in Rossetti's happy phrase, the wonder has not quite gone out from those still eyes of hers. For each day brings new marvels or new reefs, particularly reefs, and sometimes, squalls. To continue the nautical figure, Jane Ashton is no idle shallop with silken sails faintly drooping in the languid air. Rather, since she has attained the fractious age when one's first teeth begin provokingly to fall out, she may more fitly be likened to a frail bark, beating against the unruly winds of elementary arithmetic and school discipline. "Sister" is still her friend; but even under the gentle rule of "Sister," discipline is discipline, and mathematics, while robbed of half its horror, is sufficiently terrifying in the residue.

THE "EDUCATIONIST"

FOR I am supposing that Jane Ashton is where a Catholic child ought to be: in a school pervaded by the spirit of the Eternal Lover of children, in a school surmounted by the symbol of our salvation, the Cross of Christ. Here the nature of the child is understood, and training does not yield to weak indulgence. The child is a creature for whose eternal destiny life in time is but a preparation. Training, it is held, means not only the evocation and shaping of capabilities, but a selection among these capabilities, together with the repression of all that will hinder the growth of what is best in the child. The ugly weeds must be pulled up, quietly, gently, yet surely, that the tender flower take no harm. Sister or Brother, the gardener, while ever alert for improved methods, will hold fast to principles sanctioned by experience and authority. Most of all, neither will find an ideal in the "educationist," amusingly described some weeks ago in *Punch*:

He's great on teaching children the effects of alcohol,
And the superfine significance implicit in the doll;
The cult of barefoot dancing he applauds, and bids us aim
At turning each scholastic task into a cheerful game.

"Cheerful" games will not be wanting, nor a sugar covering, now and then, for the more bitter pills of knowledge. But, after all, some processes in education must needs resemble the probing of a nerve, or the filling of a tooth.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT

FOR the catechism tells us that "darkness in the intellect" is one effect of original sin, and backs the statement by the authority of I don't know how many weighty theologians. The "educationist" described by *Punch* has as little faith in original sin as he has in theology; but I do not see how he can either deny that the intellect, as teachers usually find it, is dark, or affirm that the letting in of a modicum of light is anything but a struggle. Supreme knowledge, or any knowledge, for that matter, comes hard to myself as well as to most persons, young or old, whom I have encountered. That is why instead of dropping a plummet to the depths of this subject with the easy grace of a Newman, I am but awkwardly skipping uncouth verbal stones across the surface.

The poets who, as Mrs. Browning contends, alone tell the truth, paint life and the quest of knowledge as a battle. No man, I take it, finishes three decades in this vale of darkness, without realizing that the sum of his ignorance grows daily more appalling. I saw a restored Egyptian tomb the other day in the Metropolitan, but I could not read a single sculptured symbol. How could I, never having learned? To get back to Jane Ashton, if this young person is not to stand in ignorance

some day before a column of improper fractions, as I did in presence of the Egyptian tomb, she must here and now be resolutely dipped into the chilling subject, by a teacher panoplied against pity. For it is not clear to me that barefoot dancing or raffia-work will ever pour a flood of mathematical knowledge into her darkened brain. Jane Ashton, in the vulgar phrase, must get to work and keep at it, maugre her present belief that work interferes with her individuality.

A PLEA FOR "ROUGH PLACES"

A COMPLETE hater of shams, one Dr. Austin O'Malley informs us that "brighten the corner where y'are" is the fundamental dogma of what passes for religion in this keenly critical age. I think the dogma is not unknown in what this same keenly critical age accepts as "education." True, it requires a heart of flint and a bosom of iron to take one look at Jane Ashton, or "to stand some morning near our school," with the venerable Archbishop of St. Paul, "and feast your eyes on the throngs of little ones hastening to the classrooms," and then to plead for the retention of at least some rough places in the child's life at school. But "brighten the corner where y'are" is bad advice, if the brightness of your light blinds the eye to present needs and future dangers. Job spoke not only from experience but as a prophet, when he compared the life of man on earth to a warfare. Even Jane Ashton, though I fervently pray that she may not invite needless warfare by turning into a militant suffragist, must share in the prophecy. A round of existence in a feather-bed school will result in a shirker, not a soldier.

THE NEED OF RESTRAINT

LIFE to-day, as always, is full of problems that can never be solved except by hard, old-fashioned thinking. We have invented machines that can count and talk, but the only machine that can think was made by God. He leaves the operation to us. Are we preparing our children to operate it properly and to its capacity, by allowing them to avoid every study that is not "interesting," or that does not hold out the promise of a financial reward? And life, particularly in these days when faith and charity have grown cold, has its problems in the moral order which only they can meet successfully, who have been trained from earliest childhood to self-restraint. The Persian boys, says the old copy-book, were taught to ride, to shoot straight, and to tell the truth. No great arts, the first two, but each has in it, as clearly as any masterpiece of Palestrina, the element absolutely necessary for notable achievement—restraint.

Let us then waste no precious vials of pity on young Jane Ashton setting her course schoolward in these crisp October mornings. She is freighted, small, helpless, as she is, with all our hopes. Out of stones can God raise up children to Abraham; but in this school marked by the Cross of Christ, humanly speaking, are the Church and the State of the future. Fathers and mothers who will transmit to their children the heritage of the Faith; bishops and priests, preaching to the world the message of Jesus Christ crucified: Sisters and Brothers toiling and laboring, and giving to us all the beautiful example of a life hidden with Christ in God: all are here in this flock, small but beyond all price. We wish for them all that can be dictated by love and sympathy and the deepest interest. We look at these children who will carry on our work when we are forgotten dust, with the prayer and the hope that sprang from the Heart of Christ on the night before He died: "Of them whom thou hast given me, I have not lost any one." And pondering on these things, we find a truth of deep educational significance in the words of the great Apostle, who wrote that God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Father, chastiseth every son whom He receiveth, not for his destruction, but for his upbuilding in the spirit.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Country Problems

IN the many efforts made for the amelioration of the evils afflicting the social body, we rarely find that any are directed toward the rural districts. At State and national conferences of charities and corrections, we may hear a lone voice calling attention to the sorry conditions of the country; at religious meetings, another may bewail the fact that the Church is losing its hold upon the rural population; but these Cassandras at the gate find their announcements unheeded, while the needs of the city grip more firmly the attention of social and religious workers.

True, the magnitude of the problems which the city presents, requires this attention; but it should not be forgotten that the country also has its problems: problems that are increasing in proportion as they are neglected. There is a poverty in the country as paralyzing as any presented by the city; there is an immorality whose only check is the silent condemnation of the better element; while disease and the mortality rate are staggering. Let any one who questions these statements but keep in touch with one rural community and the sorrowful truth will be realized.

RURAL CHILD-LABOR

THE evil of child-labor in the cotton mills of the South has been denounced up and down the land, but who lifts a voice in denunciation of child-labor in the fields? Women workers in shops and factories arouse widespread sympathy, and laws for their protection are being put on the statute books of the various States; but the wife of the tenant farmer or struggling small land-owner will work by his side early and late in the field, performing her household duties in intervals, and no hue and cry is raised against this evil equally grave. The country feeds the town as well as itself. It must of necessity be a sturdy, prolific stock to do the double work; and if ten hours at the machine or the counter unfit for motherhood, certainly sixteen hours in field, kitchen and barn-yard constitute a worse menace to the race.

However insufficient the wage of the city toiler, he, at least, receives it; but let a dry or wet season, an early frost, a plague of insects come, and the work of the farmer is brought to naught. When there is no fire on his hearthstone, no food in his larder, he, unlike his city brother, has no public or private charity to appeal to for assistance. At best, he has hardly more than enough to carry him from one season to another; and if early death does not claim him, old age usually finds him an unwanted guest at some relative's fireside, or an inmate of the county poor-house.

RURAL ILLITERACY

THE census of 1910 shows that our native white illiterates number 1,534,272, and these figures are piled up by the rural communities. How can it be otherwise, when work in the fields, poverty too great to allow the parents to buy books and clothing, or sickness, due to exposure and lack of nutrition, keeps the children away from school? When these conditions do not prevail, still there is no one to compel neglectful parents to send their children to school, just as there are no organizations to procure books and clothing for the needy, and no hospitals to care for the sick.

What is true of the schools is also true of the Protestant churches, and, in a measure, of the Catholic Church. Our greatest leakage is in the rural districts, due to insufficient religious instruction and mixed marriages. The Irish or German pioneer who would make any sacrifice for his religion has descendants who never see the inside of a church. Indifferentism has done its work well.

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE

THE natural result of this indifference to religion is a growing disregard for law and order and a looseness of life, whose effects will reach out through the generations. There are crimes committed in rural communities which, if they come to light, do not always come to justice, because of the standing in the community of the malefactor, or because of public indifference and lack of initiative. A laxity of life which would call for investigation in more populous centers, is tolerated because a civic conscience is unknown, while the morals of some of the better class would put the barn-yard to shame. Children grow up in homes whose very atmosphere is contamination, but there is no juvenile court to rescue them. Drunken fathers cause untold suffering to their families, but there is no humane society or similar organization to bring them within reach of the law. Then when any of these evils reaches a stage where, in the very nature of things, it must be punished, individuals, singly or in bands, take over the matter, and a deeper affront is rendered the law, while the original offender finds public sentiment inclining to his or her side, as to one who has suffered an injustice.

When family life is not well maintained youths find every avenue open to viciousness. But they must be guilty of crimes before any public cognizance is taken of their misdeeds. The bad boy in the city finds his liberty hedged in by various laws, and their ministers at hand to enforce them. He has friends to help him toward a better life in societies, in the church, in the school, where every effort is made to bring him under good influence. The wayward youth in the country finds his liberty unrestricted. When he becomes too great a menace, his companions are forbidden to associate with him, so he becomes a hanger-on at gatherings of men, daily increasing his knowledge of evil. Ultimately he joins the vagrant class, if his crimes do not send him to the penitentiary.

PROBLEMS OF HEALTH

VIGOROUS health is usually associated with country life; but the grave-stones in any country cemetery reveal the sad mortality among the young and middle-aged. The flock of anemic children pouring out of the shanty which the land-owner thinks good enough for his tenant, while he builds large and comfortable barns for his cattle and horses, tells of overcrowding and underfeeding; while the odor that rises in villages from back yards, pools of stagnant water, and decaying vegetable matter, heralds the deadly fever which annually claims its victims. There the white plague is accepted as lightning and tempest are accepted, and prevention, if proposed, is unpopular. Modern methods of treating the sick are impossible. There are neither hospitals nor nurses; and the physicians, who, whatever their devotion, are sometimes out of touch with advanced science, and furthermore are handicapped by the ignorance and general dependency of their patients.

A SUGGESTION

A VENERABLE priest once said to me: "Think of the many little churches that could be built in country places out of the needless and often inartistic ornaments of our big city institutions!" Indeed, the efforts of one city hospital to surpass another, if properly applied in the country, would result in the erection of smaller hospitals in rural centers. The young physician and capable nurse would do more good, though they might not amass much money, if they directed their efforts to rustic communities. Every city shows civic and religious bodies, duplicating work. The shifting of these unneeded efforts to towns and villages would speedily bring about a regeneration, which half a century would fail to accomplish in the city.

A. C. MINOGUE.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Intolerant Catholics

ATTENTION is called by the *Ave Maria* to a class of Catholic readers, unfortunately too numerous, who will tolerate almost any insult against their Catholic instincts and faith on the part of the secular press without ever dreaming of canceling their subscription. But in regard to their own press Catholics are often intolerant to the last degree. "For instance, not a line must ever be published that is in the least unfavorable to the political party to which they adhere, or against a leader to whom they have pinned their faith; above all, nothing that is not altogether favorable to the race from which they sprung." Catholic editors are to be veritable weather vanes, and yet we are to have a virile and progressive Catholic press.

Mission Work Among American Negroes

EXCELLENT work has been accomplished in the cause of the American negro through the assistance of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People. There are now, according to *Our Colored Missions*, 160 schools attended by over 16,000 pupils. Twenty-three communities of religious women teach in these schools. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament alone number 300 members. Through the generosity of Mother Katherine, their founder, they are able to conduct even an institution of higher learning for colored boys and girls, the St. Francis Xavier University in New Orleans. There are, moreover, three industrial schools for boys. Priests in the poorer districts of the South depend largely upon the Mission Board to keep their churches and schools in existence. The salaries of 125 teachers in parochial schools are paid by Mgr. Burke, the director of the Board. The work deserves hearty encouragement and support.

War Prices for Bread

THAT gold will soon be worth its weight in bread is the happy comment made by the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* upon a very unhappy and distressing situation. Bakers' flour is now selling at \$8.75 a barrel against \$5.35 a year ago, and may have risen still higher by the time these lines reach the reader. How far this is due to foreign shipments or merely to the shortage of the wheat crop is difficult to say. Rumors exist of enormous shipments of wheat to be made to the belligerents, but nothing apparently is known with certainty. One thing, however, which appears to be clear is a nation-wide advance in the price of the country's principal food. Not only will bread go down in weight, the Commissioner of the Bureau of Weights and Measures explains, but likewise everything else manufactured from flour. Fewer or smaller buns will be found in the purchaser's bag for a nickel. The main problem which disturbs the equanimity of the New York bakers is whether the public would rather patronize a ten ounce loaf for five cents or a twelve ounce loaf for six cents. Small choice for the public! A survey of bread prices is to be made by agents of the Federal Trade Commission in cooperation with the Department of Justice.

Gary Plan in New York

A DEBATE in a recent session of the New York Board of Estimate indicates that the effort to "Garyize" the New York schools has degenerated into a game of matching wits. It began with an innocent resolution to equip certain public schools with tool shops and electric wiring. Before the debate came to an end, the resolution appeared to bear some malign, if unknown, connection with the recent \$6,000,000 appropriation for "duplicate schools," for the "equipment" called for "machinery and tools for elementary and advanced wood-working, sheet metal, and printing shops." Some months ago,

the advocates of the Gary Plan professed to see in the \$6,000,000 appropriation, the triumph of Mr. Wirt's theories, but since the session of the Board of Estimate on September 29, the "triumph" seems somewhat clouded. When Borough President Mathewson of the Bronx announced his intention of voting against the resolution if it committed him to an indorsement of the Gary Plan, adding that he did not "believe in the expenditure of \$6,000,000 for something that is still in the experimental stage," Comptroller Prendergast hastened to affirm that no such commitment was involved. Mayor Mitchel, too, was careful to explain that what the city is about to inaugurate "is not necessarily the Gary Plan, although it includes some of its features." On the other hand, Mr. Tristram Metcalfe, Editor of the education column of the *New York Globe*, views these statements as at least evasive. The school principals, according to Mr. Metcalfe, have been told that they are to put in shops of a kind and equipment to be determined by Mr. Wirt. "These are the facts. No one in the least familiar with the public schools doubts for a moment that the Gary Plan is being forced upon the school system" in spite of opposition from a large number of parents, as well as of teachers and principals. The debate ended in a request that the Board of Education furnish some definite information on the purpose of the \$6,000,000 appropriation.

"They Die So Soon!"

WE read in the *Good Work* that the Sisters of the House of the Holy Child Jesus, at Ning-po, Che-Kiang, China, have just \$1,100 with which to keep in their orphanage for the coming year 430 children of all sizes, besides 250 babies put out to nurse, and thirteen Sisters who with all their great zeal cannot live upon this alone. It would be an interesting schoolroom calculation to find just how long this sum can support the establishment in question, allowing a minimum of expense for food and clothing. But unfortunately the problem is a very practical one for the Sisters, for the children in the orphanage and for the babies, not to mention the many infants who might under more favorable circumstances fall to the care of the Sisters and receive Baptism. It is a problem which the Catholics of America should be able to solve.

This year the babies have come to us in swarms. Rice has doubled in price, so the Chinese throw the children away because they say they are too poor to keep them! Since August 1 we have received 186. Three or four every day surely—and they die so soon! It is pitiable. But we cannot continue! If present conditions keep up we shall have to shut down on everything so as to be able to buy food for those already in the house. The babies outside must be left to die without Baptism. The smallest offering is acceptable, even twenty cents is enough, sometimes, to save a dying baby.

There is something exceedingly pathetic in those words of Sister Agnes Johnson: "They die so soon!"

Wise Counsel to Trade Unionists

THE *Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators*, the organ of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, gives timely warning against a class of trouble-breeders in the trade unions, who recklessly seek to plunge the members into strikes that are unnecessary, unjust and detrimental to the workers' interests. It gives as a typical instance a man who had been ejected from his employment for incompetency and who made every effort to give a bad name to the shop, the foreman, the wage-scale and everything connected with the occupation for which he had been found unfit. "Members of this character are dangerous," says the labor journal. "Look out for them!"

They will get you into difficulty by the direct-action route, as this Brother was pleased to term it. After they have led you into the difficulty they are unable to lead you out of it, so they "beat it" to some other city and let you fight out

a hopeless battle. Then they boast of all they have done for the cause of labor and humanity in general. Of course they can afford "to hit the rattlers" every time they take the notion to do so. They have no responsibilities on their shoulders. What do they care if you have a home, wife and babies to look after and provide for? In their opinion you have no right to insist on the law being adhered to before a strike is called. If you do raise a question of law then they accuse you of having "cold feet," not openly, for as a rule they are moral cowards, but through the rumor-route. Do not let such members lead your local unions into unconstitutional difficulty. Watch the fellow that is always "knocking" the job the other fellow is working on, he has a motive behind him and that motive as a general rule is: "If I cannot work on that job I am going to make it so no other member can work on it." While such members are dangerous to their own interests they are also dangerous to the interests of their fellow-men.

This is sane advice. Everyone thoroughly acquainted with labor conditions knows that there is no exaggeration in this picture. The origin of many an unfortunate strike is the resentment of a trouble-breeder who has been justly dismissed. Though such men, as the journal says, are likely to be the most loud-mouthed the honest workingman will wisely turn a deaf ear to them. Neither an incompetent nor a guilty man should be permitted to make of the trade union a tool for his revenge. Local unions are warned to guard equally against manufactured grievance and "grievance based upon rumor."

Effects of Alcoholism

THE *Medical Review of Reviews* recently printed an article on the effects of alcohol with whose entire substance and spirit we do not profess to be in accord, but which contains practical facts that should not be overlooked. The author is no apologist for Prohibitionists. "Nothing," he says, "could very well be more intemperate than the statements of the professional Prohibitionist. These people are intoxicated with ignorance and drunk with fanaticism." Neither does he consider the gradual victory of the movement to expel alcohol from medicine as a cause for rejoicing, since in many important treatments it plays a useful and conspicuous rôle.

But, putting exaggerations aside, and saying all the good things we can for *aqua vita*, alcoholism nevertheless remains one of the most difficult problems that the physician of the twentieth century must face. As a human menace only a few other diseases can be compared with alcoholism, notably tuberculosis, pneumonia, syphilis. The tubercle bacillus attacks all of us; where the resistance is strong, it retires and the wounds heal, but where the body defenses are weak, it digs trenches from which it may never be dislodged; and everywhere students of tuberculosis are saying that alcoholism is one of the greatest factors in preparing the field for the invasion of the bacilli, and it has been found that over fifty per cent of tubercular children are the offspring of alcoholics. That is why the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which met in Paris in 1905, passed the resolution, "That, in view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, this Congress strongly emphasizes the importance of combining the fight against tuberculosis with the struggle against alcoholism."

As with tuberculosis so with pneumonia, alcoholism is a most potent predisposing factor. Alcoholics are especially prone to die from the latter malady. Besides therefore being a terrible problem in itself, alcoholism complicates other medical difficulties. "We shall never banish from our midst the triple plague of tuberculosis and pneumonia and syphilis, until we control their evil handmaiden." Alcoholism, however, as understood in this connection, does not mean the occasional drinking of a glass of wine or beer, but "a definite pathological entity, characterized by lesions in the viscera and nervous system which can be demonstrated at autopsy." The author warns in particular against the high percentage of alcohol contained in many patent medicines.